

The Sketch

No. 1341.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



'THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE': MRS. VERNON CASTLE, AS SHE WILL APPEAR IN THE "JOFFRE" PALACE MATINÉE.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, as our readers hardly need to be reminded, won fame as a dancer on both sides of the Atlantic, with her husband, the late Captain Vernon Castle, who sacrificed his career to join the R.F.C., and after seeing service in France, was killed last February in a flying accident at an aviation camp in Texas. Though not intending, at the

moment, to return to the stage, Mrs. Vernon Castle is giving her services for the matinée at the Palace Theatre on Oct. 15, arranged by Sir Alfred Butt in honour of Marshal and Mme Joffre. The programme will include the new revue, "Hullo, America!" with its bright particular star, Miss Elsie Janis, and the proceeds will go to war charities.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

SPRINT-FOR-HOME HANDICAP.

RESULT—

BULGARIAN LASS	-	1
TURKEY TROT	-	2
AUSTRIAN BOY	-	3

Also ran—

SON OF A HUN.

Ideal Peace Terms.

are as follow—

1. Lay down your arms.
2. Take off your uniforms.
3. Put on your civvies.
4. Get back to your jobs.
5. Inform Turkey, Austria, and Germany that they can go to the devil in their own way.
6. Work hard and save money.
7. Pay Roumania for all damage done.
8. Behave yourselves very nicely indeed for the future.
9. Thank God that your victors are decent people.

How to Make Peace.

There has been a great deal of talk, from time to time, on terms of peace. Almost everybody has had a shot at drawing up terms of peace. The Kaiser has been most persevering at the game. We ourselves have played it with unflagging *esprit*.

We now see that the making of peace is by no means so complicated a matter as had been supposed. The Kaiser, for example, was all wrong in his ideas on this subject. He obviously thought that the game had two sides to it. It has not. It differs from all other games in having only one side. The Kaiser thought that making peace was like conducting a business bargain. He and his satellites, for instance, would drag in references to Gibraltar, Malta, and so forth. Quite unnecessary.

The way to make peace has been shown by the Bulgarian comedy. You first beat your opponent. That is a preliminary to the business; not a part of it. You must beat your opponent before you begin to play. In the game of cricket, I am told—Mr. Jessop will correct me if I am wrong—the umpires or the ground-men pitch the stumps and place the bails in position before the game begins. That action corresponds, in the game of war, to beating your enemy. Just as you cannot begin to play cricket before the pitch is marked out, so you cannot begin to make peace until the enemy is beaten.

This accomplished, the rest is very easy. You simply tell your late opponents what to do. And they do it.

Description of a Peace-Table.

You must be quite accustomed, friend the reader, to the term "peace-table." In your mind's eye, I suppose, you have often seen a peace-table. You may have conjured up a picture of a large round table, or a long oval table, or a long oblong table. There is, in your picture, a chair at the head, and a chair at the foot, and chairs all round. You fill the chairs with representatives of all the belligerent Powers.

The real peace-table, I may inform you, is not at all like that. It is quite a small table, and will accommodate with comfort not more than six people. The chairs are not placed all round it, but on one side only. The table stands on a dais, and the chairs are arranged on that side of the table further from the edge of the dais.

The gentlemen authorised to make peace occupy these chairs, and the representatives of the interested parties stand in a line below the dais. They (the latter) do not join in the conversation. They listen with the utmost intentness to all that is said, and make very clear, very sharp mental notes.

There is no ink on the table, no pens, no writing-material of any sort. All the writing has been done before the conference assemblies—in blood. Further writing would be quite superfluous. Scraps of paper are out of date. The world has no more use for them. The gentlemen at the table speak, and the gentlemen below the dais bow, and that is all.

Business done — Order restored; guilty people punished; dangerous people rendered harmless.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA HOME FROM THE WARS: GENERAL NORTHEY, WITH HIS CHILDREN, GEORGE AND ISABEL AND HIS SISTER, MISS G. NORTHEY.

Major-General Edward Northey, who commanded the Nyasaland-Rhodesia force, was lately appointed Governor of British East Africa. Last week he was presented with an Address by his fellow-townpeople at Epsom. In reply he said that if Germany's colonies were returned, to be used by her as submarine bases, the lives of our heroes would have been wasted. He also confirmed the vile treatment of African natives by the Germans. His children had not seen him for three years before he came home recently.

Photograph by Sport and General.

MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MASTER FRITZ. Everything is beastly rotten! I don't see what we've done to deserve it!

MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MISS FRITZ. There ought to be some way of putting a stop to it all. We can't win. What's the good of going on and on until all the men are killed and all the other people starved? Isn't there any way to put a stop to it, daddy? Can't you and the other men at home put a stop to it?

MRS. FRITZ. I've told him. He knows the only way.

(MR. FRITZ, with a grim expression, puts on his hat and goes out).

The Winter in Germany. MR. FRITZ. What is there for

dinner to-day, my dear?

MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MISS FRITZ. What are we going to do after dinner?

MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MASTER FRITZ. What will there be for breakfast to-morrow?

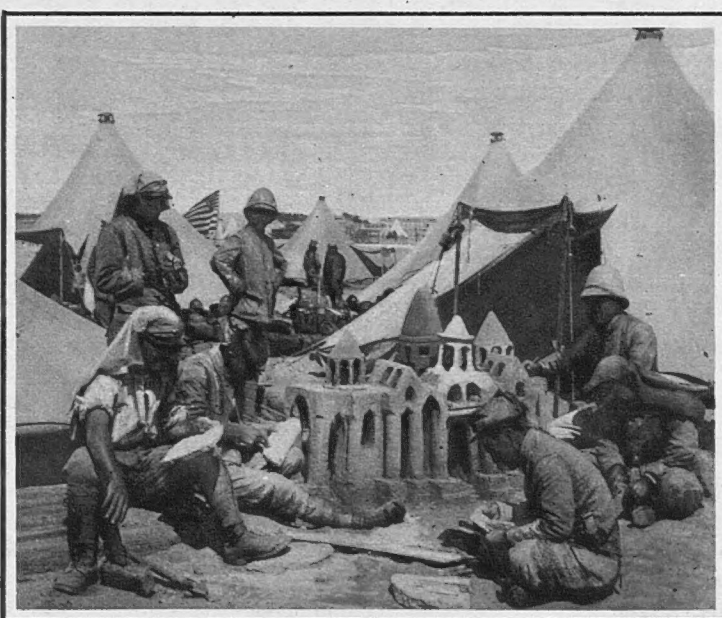
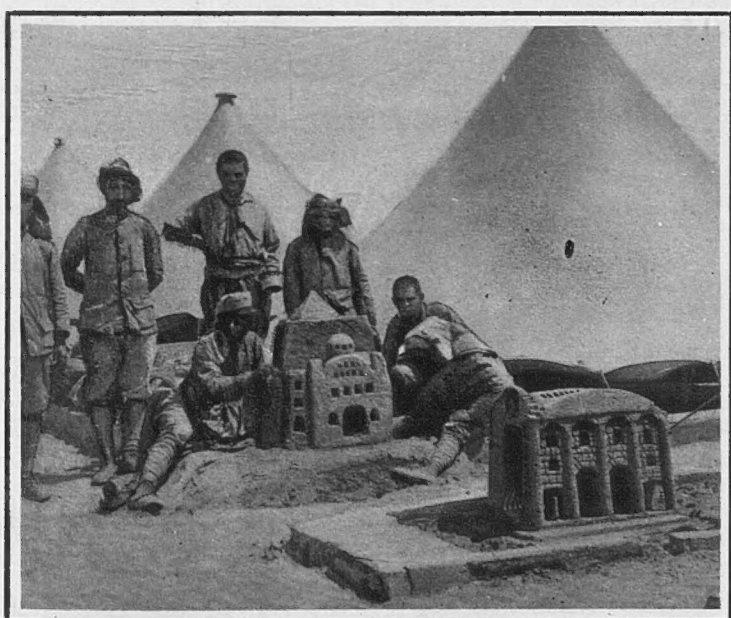
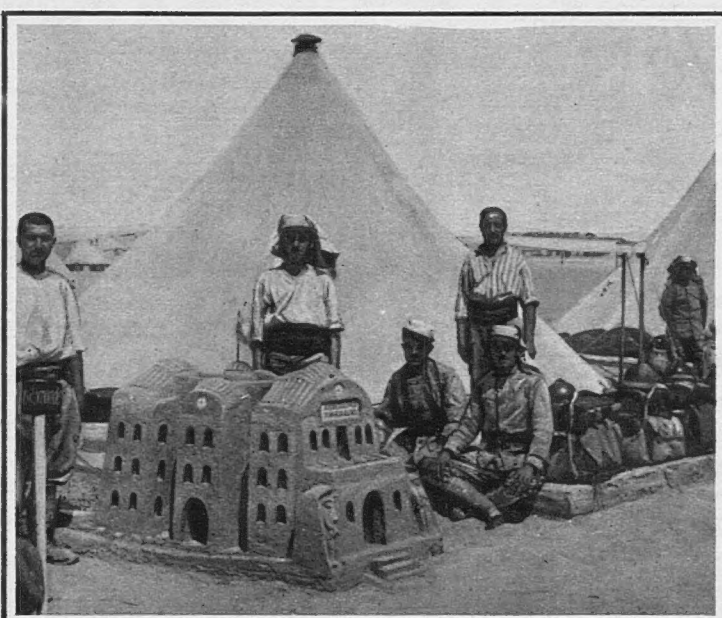
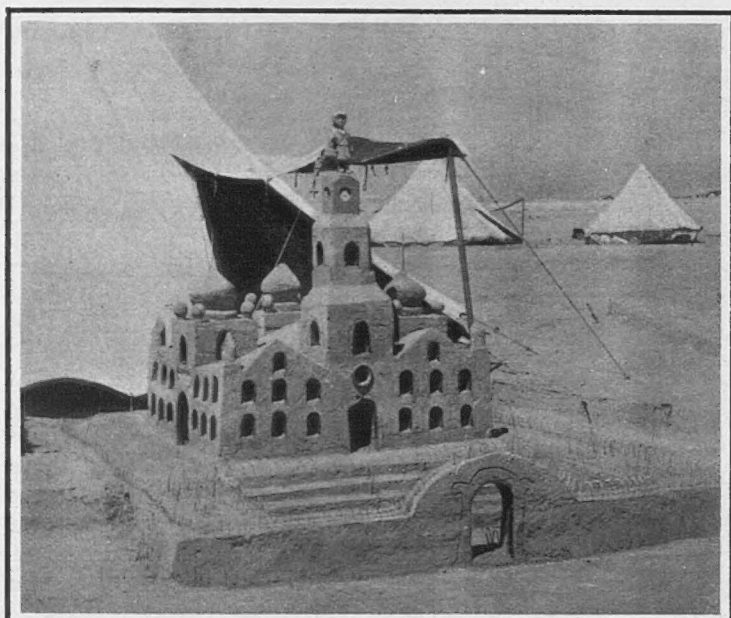
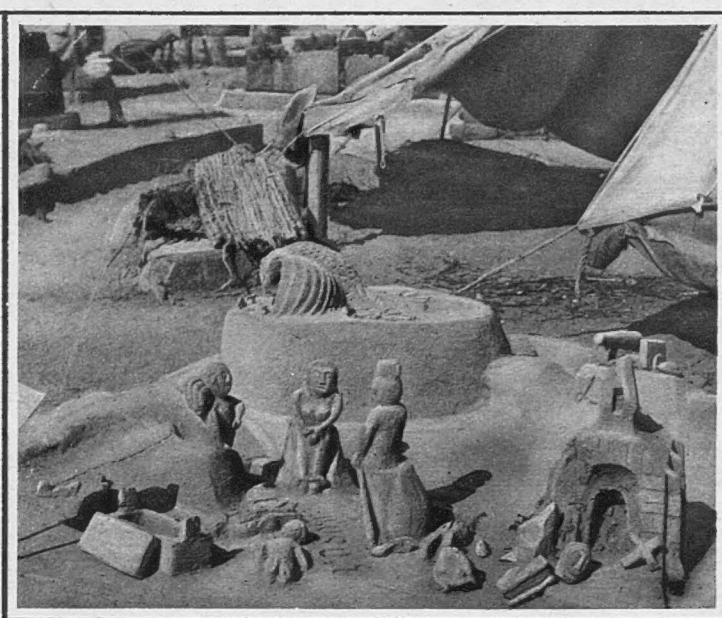
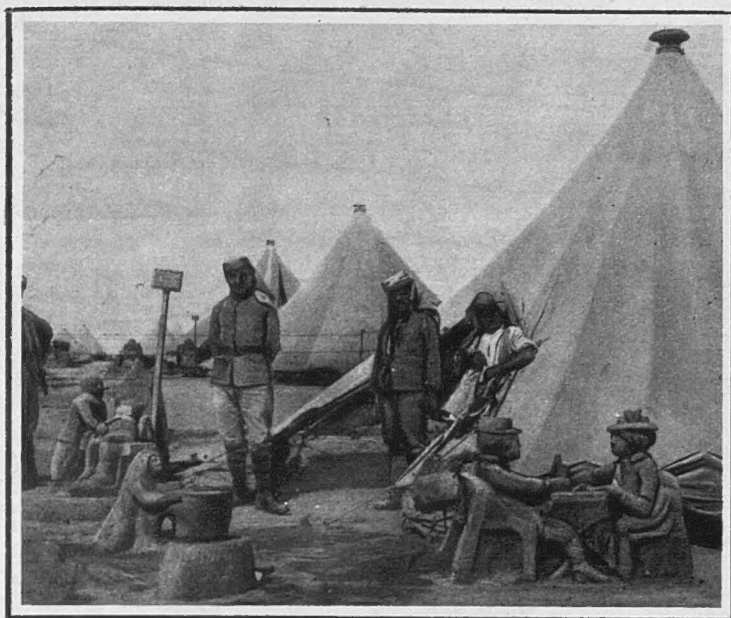
MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MR. FRITZ. This house is bitterly cold! Can we do anything to warm it up a bit?

MRS. FRITZ. Nothing.

MISS FRITZ. There was a letter from Heinrich this afternoon. What did he say?

SAND-CASTLES IN THE ETERNAL SAND: SOLDIER ART IN EGYPT.



BEGUILING THEIR LEISURE WITH SAND SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE: AN ARTISTIC HOBBY
OF FRENCH TROOPS IN CAMP AT ISMAILIA.

The artistic instincts of the French soldier have frequently shown themselves during the war, both in trench journalism and in plastic form. In the chalk of the Aisne caves and quarries, for instance, he amused himself by carving heads and figures in bas-relief. In Egypt, as our photographs

show, he has turned to model architecture as well as statuary, and has beguiled his leisure hours by building sand-castles from the eternal sand by the banks of the Suez Canal. The ingenious examples illustrated on this page were made by men in camp at Ismailia.

French Official Photographs.



A Duchess's Epigrams.

No one has been more delighted at the remarkable success of the American troops than the Duchesse de Talleyrand, who has been helping the Allied Red Cross since the beginning of the war. The Duchess, who used to be Miss Anna Gould, wrote, some time ago, a book about her "set" in which she showed a pretty taste for epigrams. Here are a couple of her dicta: "The first thing women know is that they

are beautiful. The last thing they realise is that they are old"; "When a woman loves, she pardons even crime. When she loves no longer, she refuses to pardon even virtue."

A Feminine "Foch."

"It was in the train between Dieppe and Rouen," writes a friend of mine in Paris. "She was pretty, and he was tender,



EVE, SNAKE-CHARMER.

"The latest pet offered for sale in a naturalist's shop is a snake described as 'a Bornean reticulated python, 21 feet long, quite tame.' The price is £55, and it is said the reptile 'can be safely handled.'—*Daily Paper*.

and they were newly wed. I only heard occasional snatches of their dialogue, but in their conversation I caught such constantly recurring phrases as 'Yes, Foch,' 'All right, Foch,' 'Certainly, Foch.' An involuntary smile portrayed my amusement. Then he turned to me and said, 'Monsieur, you are surprised at the pet name I have given my wife. Let me explain. Since we began she has done nothing but order me about, so I have nicknamed her Foch!'"

A Picturesque Pleader.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who suggests that every enemy alien in this country should be compelled to find an individual surety, in the person of some known and respected British householder, for his or her good behaviour (or be interned or deported), is one of the most picturesque figures at the English Bar. And he has been concerned in more sensational and thrilling cases than any other living counsel. I had the pleasure of describing his remarkable defence in the Camden Town murder trial, and when the trial was over he sent me a charmingly auto-graphed portrait.



MARRIED RECENTLY: MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

Mr. Granville Barker, formerly the husband of Miss Lillah McCarthy, was married recently to Miss Helen Gates, formerly the wife of Mr. Archer M. Huntington. Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

His Gun.

In one of his early cases Sir Edward defended a man charged with poaching. The only evidence associating the prisoner with the crime was the discovery of a single-barrelled muzzle-loading gun which was said to belong to him. Sir Edward persuaded the jury that the gun did not belong to the prisoner, who was acquitted. Highly delighted, the prisoner exclaimed in an audible whisper as he left the dock, "But what about my gun?"

Our Sporting Soldiers.

A lot of us find it very difficult to take an interest in football while the war continues. Still, I have seen letter after letter from our soldiers at the front in which there is some reference to the football season. That is one of those things which no German can understand. If they could produce a soldier who wrote home after spending a week in the firing line to know if the Arsenal had beaten Fulham, they would only despise his sporting spirit.

The Kaiser's Rice— This is a story that is going round amongst the negroes in the West Indies. When war was declared between England and Germany, they say, the Kaiser sent a bag of rice to King George, with the accompanying message: "As many grains of rice as there are in this bag do I possess soldiers."



LEADER OF THE SEVEN HEROES OF MŒUVRES: CORPORAL D. HUNTER, H.L.I. While Mœuvres was for two days in German hands, Corporal Hunter and six men of the Highland Light Infantry held out in the village till the British re-took it. Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

—And the King George accepted the gift, according to our negro historians, and in return sent the Kaiser a bottle of red peppers, adding: "As few peppers as there are in this bottle, so do I possess soldiers. But bite one of them and see how it burns!" I am not sure that this story will ever be included in official histories.

Help!

"Can we bankrupt Germany?" asks Dr. Gilbert Slater. Perhaps not; but we can ban Krupp, at any rate!

Romances.

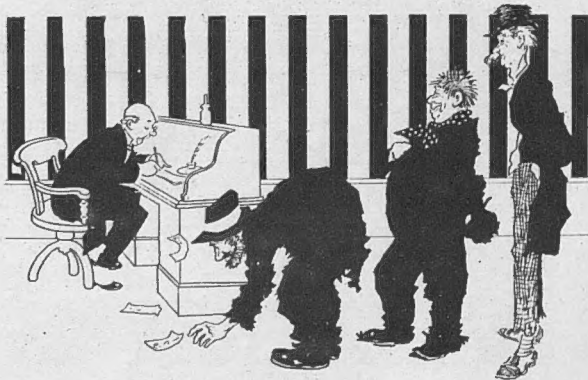
The war has inspired a lot of poetry which most of us could have done very well without. But an exception to this rule must be made in the charming and quaintly phrased ballads in the Old English style which our brilliant romantic novelist, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, has given us.

In the Edgware Road.

When Mr. Hewlett was writing some of his most beautiful Italian and mediæval romances, I used to meet him nearly every day in the Edgware Road. He always looked straight ahead of him. He was a curious sort of "Canterbury Pilgrim," picking his way amongst costermongers' barrows.

A Prayer for the Lecturer.

When Mr. Hewlett was a lecturer, a Scottish chairman in a Northern village, having referred to the "mon wha's come here tae broaden oor intellects," gave a short prayer. "And



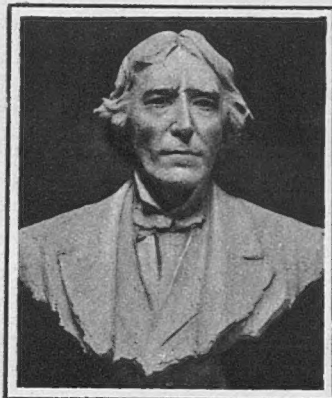
ASKING FOR IT.

"A witness in Shoreditch County Court said he had been so overworked that he had been sending cheques to anybody that asked for money."—*Daily Paper*.

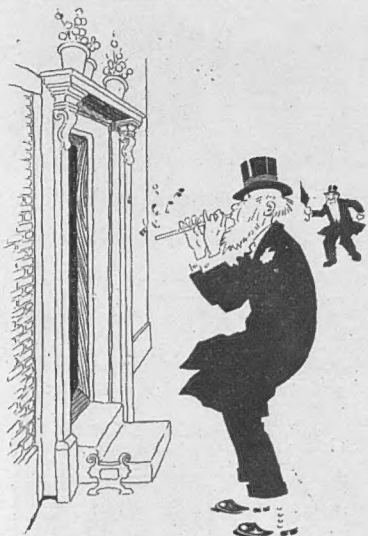


WITH THE YUGO-SLAVS IN THE BALKANS: MISS GERALDINE HEDGES. Miss Hedges is Chief Transport Officer of the Dr. Elsie Inglis unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital, serving with the Yugo-Slav Division in the Balkan advance.

Photograph by Bassano.



UNVEILED AT THE DRURY LANE PAGEANT: A BUST OF SIR HENRY IRVING BY MR. ALBERT TOFT. The bust was presented to Mr. Arthur Collins by the sculptor. Its sale (at the O.P. Club Dinner) helps theatrical charities.—[Photograph by Gray.]



THE RIVALS.

"At Tottenham a woman, about sixty, told the magistrate that a man followed her home, singing and whistling. He was about seventy. Another man did the same thing. Sometimes both would sing outside her door."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Golden Scorpion," and the *Illustrated London News* will publish it in its Christmas Number. It is a complete novel which is to rival "The Yellow Claw" and "Dr. Fu-Manchu." I hope to read it soon.

O Lord," he proceeded, "put it into the heart o' this man tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth; and gie us grace to understand him." Then he whispered to Mr. Hewlett, "I've been a lecturer mase'."

Sax Rohmer's Latest.

I hear that Sax Rohmer has written yet another Oriental mystery-romance. That is good news. He always thrills me to what used to be called the marrow, and now tempts me to exceed the light rations!

His new work is

His Atmosphere. Needless to say, Rohmer is strong on "atmosphere." He tells me that he always works surrounded by a grimly fascinating collection of Oriental weapons and vessels, and implements which used to play their part in the practice of sorcery. More than that, his knowledge of places and people of the East—the East of the Far East and the East of the Near East—*is* extensive and peculiar. One day he hopes to meet the living prototype of the veiled Mandarin, Fo-Hi, in a London "dive." May I be there to see!

His Personality.

For an author so well-known he is young—and he has been

in and out of the Army. Unfortunately, his health failed him, and he was invalided out. Even now he has not resumed his normal activities to the full.

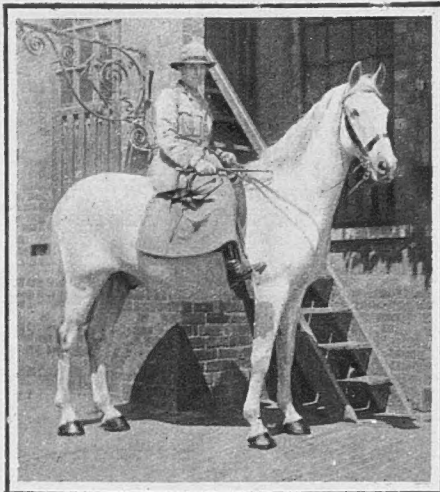
A Popular New Peer.

My congratulations to Sir Charles Bathurst on his new dignity. He has tasted, so to speak, the sweets of office as Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Sugar Supply and Director of Sugar Distribution. This task he will continue to perform while representing the Ministry of Food in the House of Lords; and he will also be on the Home Supplies Board at that Ministry, and Vice-Chairman of the Agricultural Advisory Council.

Agriculture is a subject he has made peculiarly his own, and he has promoted its interests valiantly in the eight years he has been Member for the Wilton Division. During the war, after rejoining his old corps the R.E. (Special Reserve), he has held military secretaryships, has organised a land-settlement scheme for ex-Service men, and has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food.

The Advent of Bobette. My erratic young friend Miss Joy Ryde will have to be careful when the Women Police get their

official recognition. Sir Nevil Macready, as Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, has been inquiring into their work as a voluntary force in London, at the Home Secretary's request, and has prepared a scheme for placing them on a regular footing. "Bobette," as Bobby's feminine counterpart seems likely to be called in unofficial circles, has done very good work in certain kinds of "constabulary duties," particularly in dealing with refractory persons of her own sex, with whom she is not inclined to be too lenient. I hardly realised, until I read an account of their anniversary dinner at the Lyceum Club the other day, that the Women Police have been in existence, on a volunteer basis, as long as four years. It was mentioned on that occasion by Commandant Dawson Damer that some two thousand women have been trained for the work. With the official status which they have done so much to deserve, they will no doubt become still more useful.



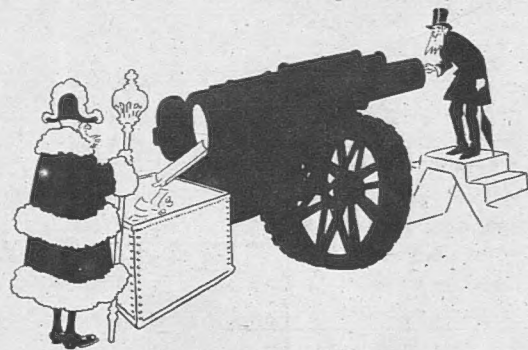
OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION: MISS SYLVIA BROCKLEBANK (ON OPTIMISTIC).

Miss Brocklebank is Commandant of the Agricultural and Horticultural Section of the Women's Legion. Her horse, Optimistic, won many prizes before the war.—[*Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.*]

Hair-Dressing by Bullet!

off by a German bullet. "A groove was cut through his hair just as if it were parted in the middle," he said, "but it did not hurt the scalp. I wonder at which particular London barber's the German soldier who fired that bullet learnt his trade. He is an expert!"

A friend of mine who has been busy helping to push Jerry back "according to plan" told me the other day how a comrade got his cap shot



SHELL OUT, OR SHELL IN!

"Croydon war savings are to be collected through the breech of a big howitzer."—*Daily Paper.*

The New "A.G." I see that Major-General Sir George Macdonogh's appointment as Adjutant-General to the Forces, with the temporary rank of Lieutenant-General, has now been gazetted. He succeeds, of course, Sir Nevil Macready—to whose famous actor-father, by the way, Tennyson wrote a sonnet, intimating therein that Shakespeare regarded him approvingly with "bland and universal eye."

When I last met Sir George Macdonogh he was Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office, a post to which he was appointed two years or so ago, after receiving promotion for distinguished service in the field. Besides his British decorations, he holds several foreign Orders.

Sir John Shiffner.

The Shiffner baronetcy, the sixth holder of which has been killed in action, did not loom large in the public eye, but it had interest, for it was founded in 1818. The late Sir John married, as recently as last July, Miss Sybil Gibbons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gibbons, of Scaynes Hill, Sussex. His own seat was in Sussex—Coombe Place, Lewes. He was only nineteen, and he succeeded in the year that saw the beginning of the Great War in which he was destined to fall. The first baronet married the daughter and heir of Sir John Bridger, Kt., of Coombe.

THE WORLDLING.



SOME BRUISE!

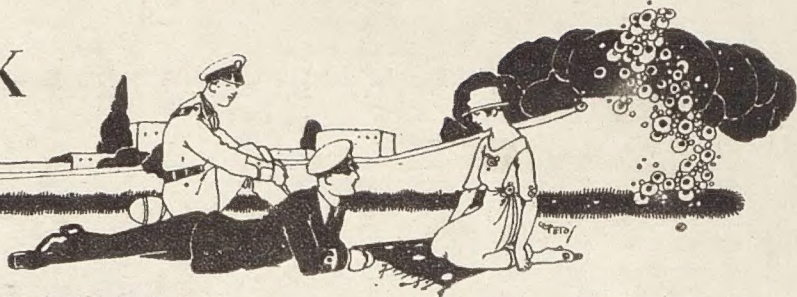
"Always bruise caraway seeds before putting them into cakes."—*This Week's Cookery Hint.*



THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

"The L.C.C. have installed collecting bags on their cars to save the used tickets. By doing so, 200 tons of paper will be saved annually."

SMALL TALK



IT would be interesting to hear what Lord Gerald Grosvenor thinks of England after an absence of four years as a prisoner of war in Germany. The revolution in our social life and habits will come, one imagines, as something of a shock to anyone whose last memories of England go back to 1914. However, Lord Gerald's experiences in the land of the Huns are probably such as would make a far darker and duller England a paradise of light in comparison with Germany. A son of the first and uncle of the present Duke of Westminster, Lord Gerald was an experienced campaigner before war came to Europe. The South African affair brought him wounds, a "mention," and the Queen's medal with three clasps.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS: THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

The Countess of Airlie, who, before her marriage to the seventh Earl last year, was Lady Alexandra Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, has given birth to a daughter.

Photograph by Yevonde.

Her First Effort.

Lady Carisbrooke's first appearance as a matinee-organiser is by no means her maiden effort at war work. Princess Beatrice's tall and graceful daughter-in-law has a quite impressive record of good patriotic undertakings to her credit, including strenuous outdoor labour on her late father's estates in the North of England. At the moment she is devoting all her time and energy to the task of arranging a matinee at the



A Y.M.C.A. WORKER IN FRANCE: MISS E. M. K. SECCOMBE.

Miss Seccombe, who is a busy war-worker at Rouen, is the daughter of Brigadier-General A. K. Seccombe, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has been Deputy Director of Supplies during the war, and has been awarded the C.M.G. for his services.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

know in this country as the first Battle of Ypres, but which extended along the whole line from Dixmude to Arras. It is not often that a specially scholarly soldier shows such qualities in actual leading; the great theorists have seldom shone in practice. But Foch is in every way an exceptional man. His German-looking name has really nothing German about it. The termination is common enough in Northern Spain, and Foch was born very near the Spanish frontier, at Tarbes. He belongs to the country of D'Artagnan, though he lives in his mother's province, Brittany. Like Castlenau, he is a devout Catholic.

Back in London.

Lady Lister-Kaye is back in London, well supplied with the "silver bullets" necessary to the successful carrying-on of the Motor Transport Volunteers, Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, and the other philanthropic activities in which she is so interested. Before the war no social gathering

was considered complete unless Sir John Lister-Kaye and his charming American wife were included amongst the guests. Both of them were *persona grata* at Court, and consequently they were generally to be found at intimate dinner-



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FRANCIS A. LEWIS: MISS AILSA BALLANCE.

Miss Ailsa Dorothy Ballance is the second daughter of Sir Charles Ballance, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., and Lady Ballance, of 106, Harley Street, W.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Pavilion on Oct. 15 for the benefit of her mother's hospital at Scarborough and the Comforts Fund for men of the mine-sweepers and patrol-boats. Apparently, she does not believe in committees; but her decision to carry out her project "on her own" does not seem likely to interfere with the success of the entertainment or the sale of the tickets.

The Fortitude of Foch.

Mr. Bonar Law's references to Marshal Foch, who has just celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday, make an interesting addition to our knowledge of the inner history of this year's campaign, and, incidentally, illustrate the immense fortitude and moral courage of the Allied Commander. After meeting rush after rush of the Germans, he had at last to strike back. Everything depended on his right centre holding while he brought his force to bear on the enemy's flank. Had either the offensive or the defensive effort failed, what might not have happened? But Foch had taken such a risk once before, when he broke the German centre at the Battle of the Marne; it was touch-and-go with his right when he struck with his left, and gave Europe the respite necessary for the forces of civilisation to reassert themselves. He displayed the same cool judgment in the immense conflict we



A PEERESS, WITH HER CHILDREN: THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.

The Marchioness of Exeter was, before her marriage, the Hon. Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett, daughter of Baron Bolton. Her children are Lord Burghley, born 1905; Lord William Cecil, born 1909; Lady Letitia, born 1903; and Lady Romaine (seen in our photograph), taken in the grounds of Burghley House, near Stamford, born in 1915. The Marchioness has been running Burghley House as a hospital for soldiers.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

parties graced by the presence of royalties. Since the war Lady Lister-Kaye has worked, and worked hard. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild owes a good deal to her efforts on its behalf; but probably no work lies nearer her heart than that connected with the Motor Transport Volunteers, founded by her husband and Major C. R. Freemantle. Troops on leave, anxious to get from one London terminus to another, have good cause to be grateful to the M.T.V., of whose lorries Lady Lister-Kaye is proud to admit that six were given by her countrymen, New York and Newport, California, Washington, New Orleans, and Lieutenant James Cromwell, of Philadelphia, being the donors. Up to the end of last year only one city in the British Isles—Glasgow—had a similar gift to its credit.

The Conquering Novelist.

Such an appointment as that of Mr. Arnold Bennett to be Director of Propaganda would have upset officialism only a few years ago. I remember the comments made when Sir Rider Haggard was appointed to a Royal Commission. But the dialectical side of this war has been largely in the hands of practised writers. After all, there is no great incongruity in the fact. Nearly all our "best sellers" are excellent business men.

MARS AND HYMEN: A TRIO OF NOTABLE WAR WEDDINGS.



1. A NIECE OF THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY MARRIED: MR. KENNETH G. W. SHENNAN (LIEUT., HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY), AND HIS BRIDE (MISS LOUISE RACHEL TROUBRIDGE).

2. THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF NEW ZEALAND'S SON MARRIED: MR. HECTOR BRUCE MACKENZIE (LIEUTENANT, N.Z.M.C.) AND HIS BRIDE (MISS ELYN CAROLINE NICHOLLS).

3. A NIECE OF THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT MARRIED: CAPTAIN S. K. G. WILLIAMSON (YEOMANRY) AND HIS BRIDE (MISS JESSIE HARFORD).

Mr. G. W. Shennan is a son of Mr. David A. Shennan. His bride is a daughter of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bt., and Lady Troubridge, sister of the Countess of Dudley.—Mr. H. B. Mackenzie is the son of Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand. His bride is the daughter

of Mr. George Jasper Nicholls (late Judge, I.C.S.), of Bideford.—Captain S. K. G. Williamson, Yeomanry, is a son of Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harford and niece of the Duchess of Beaufort (formerly Miss Louise Harford).—[Photographs by Langflier.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are going back to school again. It serves us right for sighing hypocritically, in the presence of our children, for those dear old happy school-days.

And now, if we value the respect of our children, we shall have to work up a big show of pretence at revelling in the prospect of being taught all over again.

Come, Brother, it is time for school—we'll get into a row if late. You would not like the dunce's stool and paper cap at fifty-eight! Too wet to use our bikes to-day, we'll get into our macks and run—albeit I am bound to say I hate the job at fifty-one! We must not let our children, though, suspect that we are loth to go.

Come, Brother, with your hand in mine, we'll leave the gate of our abode, observing the parental line, "Be careful how you cross the road." The cold a little keener grows, and as your hands seem somewhat stiff, perhaps I'd better blow your nose—the teacher hates to hear us sniff. Above all else, we must pretend we are enjoying it no end.

Come, Brother—it is hard, I know, at fifty-one and fifty-eight, to have to squeak a little row of pot-hooks on a greasy slate. And shame there'll be for you and me that can't be properly explained, in sprawling on a teacher's knee—perhaps a lady's—to be caned! It won't be nice, but, come what may, we must not give ourselves away!

I knew it would be all right if we possessed our souls in patience, and now it is. Stefanson says we can get to the Pole by submarines.

Oh, put your hat and jacket on, and come along with me, and take a trip with Stefanson to Polegate-by-the-Sea!



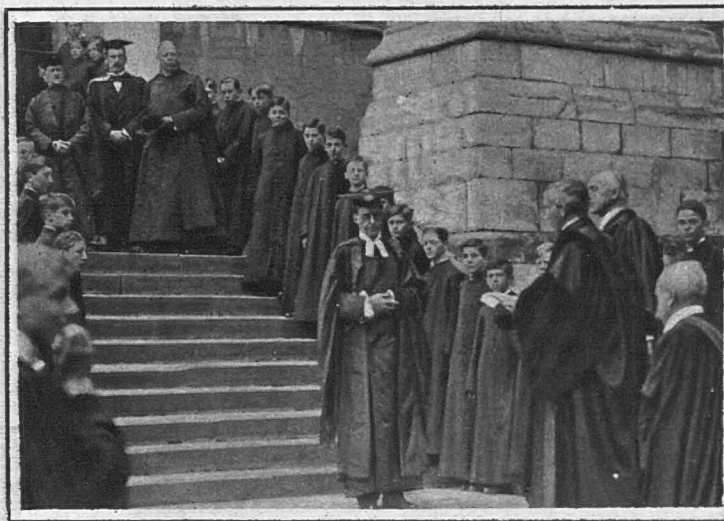
THE ELECTION OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:
SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL.

Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, head of the well-known newspaper distributing firm, has been elected next Lord Mayor of London. Our photograph shows the present Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Hanson, on the left, and the Lord Mayor-Elect, Sir Horace Marshall, on the right. Sir Horace has been a member of the City Corporation for the past twenty years, and will make a very popular Lord Mayor. He is an old Dulwich College boy, M.A., and LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Oh, put your sable combies on, for Polegate-by-the-Sea is bitter when the sun is gone, and damp as damp can be. Your knickers should be fox, I think; your nighties should be skunk, and don't forget to strap your mink umbrella to your trunk.

Contributions to the gaiety of nations from German Admirals are not so plentiful that we can afford to slight them, so laugh with me at Admiral von Koester's fear, expressed at a meeting of the German Navy League, that if we had a League of Nations, "Germany would only have the rôle of Cinderella in it."

With deference profound and vast, and in this very humble canto, permit me to complete the cast of Admiral von Koester's panto . . .



THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW PROVOST OF ETON:
THE HEADMASTER READING HIS ADDRESS.

On Sunday last, Dr. Montague Rhodes James was installed Provost of Eton, with the usual historic ceremonies. The King's representative (the Dean of Windsor), is seen on the right of the Headmaster (Dr. C. A. Alington), who is reading the address to the new Provost. Dr. James, in his reply, emphasised the great work done by Dr. Warre during the fifty-eight years of his connection with the College. Speeches, in Latin, were delivered from the lower steps of the chapel.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]

'Tis settled, then, that Germany the rôle of Cinderella covers; and now the question, who shall be her most effeminate of lovers, to strut around and smile and mince? Who else but the adored Crown Prince?

Now what about the Demon King? No choice could very well be wiser, I think, all things considering, than that which fell upon the Kaiser? Who else could better look the rôle? Who else could better spout, I wonder—with blacker heart or redder soul—the Demon's threats of blood and thunder? He ought to play with perfect ease the tinsel Mephistopheles! The Chancellor should have a hand in singing the absurd tongue-twisters; the Sultan and his Vizier Grand could be the pair of Ugly Sisters. The hard-up Baron? Well, the Hun who has to wangle the Exchequer! There'd be some rough-and-tumble fun—a Red Cross ship, with fiends to wreck her. And in the League of Nations scene, Old England as the Fairy Queen!

Miss Doris Keane has many ardent admirers, on and off the Press, and they appear to have been tumbling over themselves in their efforts to be first at her feet with praises. One of them has declared, not a little reminiscently, that her "eyes are charged with a magic wine that sets his soul athirst." Ben Jonson mixed up the drink question rather daintily with his lady's eyes. Not to be out of the eye and wine trade, I adapt my friend Ben to the sentiment of the moment.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine. For I'm a-thirst; and therein lies my only chance of wine! And I will stare with all my might, to catch your brimming een; and I will call my "last" at night my "deoch an' Doris"—Keane!

A. B. M.

"SMILE, PLEASE": A NEW COUPLE IN THE OLD STYLE.



Married Last Week: Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith—Photographed in the Obsolete Studio-Manner, Head-Rests and All!

Not the theatrical profession alone, but thousands of their admirers in the theatres, were much interested to learn that Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith, who have won such wide favour and given pleasure to tens of thousands by their humour and their art, had arranged to be married in Glasgow on Saturday. Thus one more professional partnership

has been transformed into a personal partnership. Everyone who has watched and heard the new couple in the theatre will wish them all happiness in their latest rôles of man and wife. The photographer, knowing the non-stop vivacity of the bride and the agility of the bridegroom, has employed old-time methods!—[Photograph by Dobson.]



OF all Queen Victoria's daughters, the Princess Alice bore, by the consent of her family, the palm for grace and for good looks; and she bore, besides, higher sensitiveness—almost the palm of a martyr. When the fates of her lovely Russian daughter and grand-daughters are in everybody's mind, one recalls an incident, entirely domestic and not at all historic, in the Princess Alice's own childhood. It was only her fourth birthday; and "in her low-bodied little frock," abetted in its rebuff of the April elements by a necklace of pearls, she was "very vain," as Queen Victoria says, not without a touch of happy motherly vanity of her own. But the child had something really warm to fondle, a live lamb, bedecked with ribbons—the best, she thought, of her birthday presents. But the lamb leapt away from the little girl, who followed, saying, "Milly, my dear Milly, do you love me?" shedding tears the while. The story is the first testimony to the sensitiveness which, later, brought her much suffering during her short life; and which makes those at our own and other Courts who fondly remember her rejoice that she is not alive to see the Russian catastrophe, in which her daughter the Tsaritsa and her lovely grand-daughters have played their pathetic part.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. HAROLD B. RICHARDS: MISS DOROTHEA TEMPLE. Miss Dorothea Temple is the daughter of the late Colonel H. M. Temple, Bengal Staff Corps, and the Dowager Lady Temple, of 72, Upper Berkeley Street, W.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

about the Russo-Turkish War then proceeding. And her letter holds strange words of warning against the country of which her daughter was one day to be the Tsaritsa: "I am following as eagerly as anybody in England the progress of the Russians—and with a hearty dislike. They can never be aiders against wrong done, nor promoters of civilisation and Christianity." Happily, she could not foresee the details. She could not foretell that a future son-in-law of her own would strive to render that very timely aid, and to be indeed that very noble promoter; and that he and his dynasty and his family should perish in the attempt. The Tsaritsa's mother may still bear her old title as "the beauty of the family"; but now we may almost know her as the prophetess as well.

The Third Generation. From Melbourne I hear that Governor-General Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson has enjoyed the little diversion of standing as god-father to the little baby girl of Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong, christened with the almost disproportionately long and formidable names of Helen Pamela Fullerton Armstrong. The new-comer has, of course, the importance of her grandparentage, her father being the son of Madame Melba, herself born in Melbourne, as bears witness the first syllable of the

name she chose for the concert boards. Juvenile as a grandfather as Madame Melba as a grandmother is Lord Rossmore, whose daughter, Lady Bailey, is the new mother of both a boy and a girl. Lord Rossmore pretends to a grievance about the twins—he holds that to be made a grandfather twice over all at once really is an ageing experience.



ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHEA TEMPLE: LIEUT. HAROLD B. RICHARDS.

Lieutenant Harold B. Richards, R.E., is the son of the late Captain John Cumins Richards, R.N.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Alice the Prophetess. From her happy home in Hesse Darmstadt the Princess Alice, when a wife and mother, wrote to Queen Victoria

wife takes him down on a great occasion by telling him he can do nothing in Grönwald without getting leave from "Grannie in Berlin." "The Inland Voyage" was also a prime favourite with the Kaiser. And one sentence in it comes to mind pertinently enough. Says Stevenson, "If ever I join the Church of Rome, I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise." So much did he love the cathed-

ral! The rest of the town of Noyon is now destroyed, but the cathedral stands erect among the surrounding ruins. And now is growing up a legend among London Stevensonians that the Kaiser spared this particular church, where so many others have been needlessly wrecked, just out of the sentiment aroused by his old reading and love of "R. L. S." If that is so, let us reform an old saw—The pen is mightier than the cannon.

Two Givings-Away. Lady Vera Cavendish - Bentinck's engagement to Captain Michael Erskine Wemyss, of Castle Wemyss, Fife, recalls one of the early "romances of business" of the war. Lady Vera went with a great friend into an aeroplane factory in a suburb as an ordinary workwoman—of course, under an assumed name. Then the King came round one day, his eyes alertly open, and, marvellous to say, he recognised her, shook hands, and, in his first exclamation of surprise, gave her away! Now she is to be given away again—and really less excitingly. A god-daughter of Queen Victoria, she too was called Victoria; but the reaction against long names, and names with very illustrious associations, has severely set in, and Lady Victoria always calls herself, and is always called, Lady Vera. Captain Wemyss is in the Blues—but, needless to say, not at all in the metaphorical sense of that term.



TO MARRY MR. FRANK T. CUTHBERTSON: MISS DOROTHY ETHEL WAIGHT.

Miss Dorothy Ethel Waight, whose engagement to Mr. Frank Tebbet Cuthbertson, youngest son of Mrs. James Cuthbertson, of Broughty Ferry, N.B., has been announced, is the elder daughter of Mrs. Walter King, of 66, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



MARRIED ON SEPT. 28: MISS IONE ARMSTRONG. Miss Armstrong, who was married, on Sept. 28, to Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, Household Cavalry, is daughter of Captain and Mrs. Marcus Beresford Armstrong, of Moyalliffe, Co. Tipperary.

Photograph by Langferr.

THE DISTAFF SIDE : SOME INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. ASHLEY :
MISS NANCY MacGILLYCUDDY.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY :
THE HON. MRS. GEORGE A. LLOYD.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN C. W. RAWSON
ROYDS : MISS MALISE SHERIDAN.



A SEPTEMBER BRIDE : MRS. E.
FERGUSSON.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF
MADRAS : LADY WILLINGDON.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN KENNETH MURRAY : MISS BETTY TUSTIN.

Miss Nancy MacGillycuddy, whose engagement to Captain Henry Ashley, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley and of Lady Alice Ashley, has been announced, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. John MacGillycuddy, of Anascaul, Co. Kerry.—The Hon. Mrs. George A. Lloyd is wife of Mr. George Ambrose Lloyd, Governor of Bombay.—Miss Malise Sheridan, the Society actress (in private life, Mrs. Sebright), was married, on Oct. 5, to Captain C. W. Rawson Royds,

R.N., nephew of the late Sir Clement Royds, C.B., M.P., of Greenhill, Rochdale.—Mrs. E. Fergusson, who was married, on Sept. 17, to Mr. E. Fergusson, Coldstream Guards, is grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, P.C., G.C.B.—Lady Willingdon is wife of the first Baron Willingdon, who is now appointed Governor of Madras.—Miss Betty Tustin is engaged to Captain Kenneth Murray, Yeomanry, and is the daughter of Mrs. Fielding Ould, Knightsbridge, and the late Mr. H. Tustin.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 6, by Bertram Park; Nos. 2 and 5, by Lafayette; No. 3, by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.; No. 4, by Swaine.

THE BEAUTY SPOT GIRL—AND FOUR OTHERS: A PALACE SUCCESS.



DANCER AND SINGER IN "HULLO, AMERICA!" MISS IRENE MAGLEY.

Miss Irene Magley, who has made good in London before, is one of the successes in the new Palace revue, "Hullo, America!" She appears as A Baseball Player; as Dulcie, and as Madelon, in the Paris scene, in which

she sings, "I love them all just a little bit," with Miss Elsie Janis; as The Idol; and, finally, as The Beauty Spot Girl, with song to match—all quite charming.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

A WINNING SUIT: A WATER-LILY FROM THE OTHER SIDE.**IN HER PRIZE-WINNING BATHING-DRESS: MISS JUANITA HANSEN.**

Miss Hansen, a charming actress who is a very popular player attached to the Universal Film Company, is here seen in the bathing costume which won her first prize in a recent competition for such garb. It is to be feared that the "wings" would not be of great assistance to a

swimmer! But, after all, bathing-dress in America, as on the Continent, and less frequently here, is made on many an occasion to be seen rather than to be damped! It is just a little display of very pardonable feminine vanity.

FROM Y.M.C.A. BASKET TO LEADER OF THE JAZZ BAND



AT THE PALACE: MISS ELSIE JANIS AS THE ITALIAN GIRL.

MISS ELSIE JANIS AS LEADER OF THE JAZZ BAND

Miss Elsie Janis is at her best in "Hullo, America!" More need not be said, for everyone knows how perfect is her best. She is seen in various guises, and at least as many moods. After her arrival as a stowaway in a basket of goods for the Y.M.C.A., when she is introduced to the audience—and the hero—as Yvonne Iris Fiammetta Lane, (with song "The Picture I Want to See"), she is, in turn, a French Chasseur Alpin officer,

ND: JANIS COMES TO TOWN—IN “HULLO, AMERICA!”



R OF THE JAZZ BAND.

MISS ELSIE JANIS AS AN OFFICER OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS.

singing “I Love Them All Just a Little Bit,” and taking part in the quartet, “Après la Guerre”; as the singer of “Madelon”; as an Italian girl, “On the Pavement,” and singing in the trio, “That is Love in Sunny Italy”; as the Leader of the Jazz Band, with the song of that name; and, later, as specialty artiste, with song, “Give Me the Moonlight,” dance, and stories.—[Photographs specially taken for “The Sketch,” by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

POSING FOR TABLEAUX: OPEN-AIR METHODS IN THE STATES.



1. A ROCK-TOP TABLEAU AT NEWPORT FÊTE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. JEROME L. COX, MRS. BARRINGTON MOORE AS COLUMBIA, AND MR. EDWARD M. JONES.
2. WITH A REAL SEA-SCAPE AS "BACK-CLOTH": MRS. JULIAN IN "AN ARTIST'S INSPIRATION" AT NEWPORT FÊTE.
3. "HOLY RUSSIA ASKING AID OF AMERICA": (L. TO R.) MRS. WILLIAM COTTON AS RUSSIA, AND MRS. B. MOORE AS COLUMBIA.

The art of *tableaux vivants* has come into vogue again over here on the stage, in revue and kindred shows, as well as at amateur war charity

entertainments. It is interesting to compare, from the above illustrations, examples of the same art as practised in the States. The particular

(Continued opposite.)

AMERICAN WAR CHARITY TABLEAUX: A RED CROSS FÊTE.



AT THE NEWPORT FÊTE: MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT.



REFRESHMENTS: MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT AND COLONEL AZAN, FRENCH ARMY, AT NEWPORT FÊTE.



ON THE CLIFF PROMENADE: MRS. BARRINGTON MOORE.



IN A TABLEAU FROM AN AMERICAN WAR POSTER, "THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD": MRS. LOW.



COLUMBIA BACKED BY "OLD GLORY": (L. TO R.) MR. J. L. COX, MRS. BARRINGTON MOORE, AND MR. E. M. JONES.

Continued]. occasion on which the photographs given on this and the facing page were taken was a fête at Newport in aid of the American Red Cross, for the benefit of wounded soldiers and sailors. Many well-known Society people took part in the tableaux, which were staged in the open air with a natural setting.



"THE WIRE" THAT'S NOT ALWAYS "LIVE."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I 'VE got a little book—I daresay you've got the same—which teaches one how to tackle tactfully that trying thing the telephone. From cover to cover do I possess that book. How often have I not perused its pages with palpitating fingers (or should it be eyes?), almost as if it were a pre-war sale catalogue! How often have I not admired the courtesy, science, resourcefulness, and obvious superiority of the gentle man (in two words, please) who compiled that little handbook!

Such faith had I in his counsels that every time something went wrong with the sombre and strident Thing, I used to rush to the book to try and find where I had erred, with the result that it's almost worn out! After years of handbook and habit, I had flattered myself that I knew all about it. But lately I have, alas! discovered that there are cases uncovered by the manual and in which my woman's wit is no weapon at all. For, woe is me, I'm unwanted! It happens like this. I hear The Thing calling downstairs, like a particularly violent sheep. I leave whatever I am doing (sometimes with regret), and, perilously skipping several steps at a time, reach The Thing; then, on tip-toe and tenterhooks—"Hello?" I query.

"Hello!" says a voice. "Are you Twickmond 1234?"

"Yes," I answer. I used to say "Certainly," but the manual says "Yes" suffices.

"Wait a minute, please," asks the voice.

"With pleasure," I answer politely.

Then I wait. Then another voice, much nearer, much dryer, frightfully matter-of-fact, asks severely, "Wtnumberpls?"

"I don't want any number; I've just been rung up," I explain.

"Sorrytohavetroubledyou."

"But——" beseechingly.

"You are not wanted," comes the cruel, crushing information.

Unwanted! Yet I am quite fit, thank you; I have cultivated amiability into a vice (at least, so Cynicuss asserts), and now and then can be almost amusing—accidentally! And I am not wanted! That would reduce me to despair if I really did believe it; but is anyone, I ask you, likely to risk spending three perfectly good pennies on me, in these hard times, unless he (or she, of course) wanted me? Then can you, in your wisdom, tell me what is wrong and how to remedy it? It looks so suspicious, too. Someone asks me for, instance, "Where were you at nine-thirty, Phrynette, on Friday morning?"

on Friday morning?"

"At home, of course, eating porridge with my paper (and spoon)" — what more innocent?

"Hum!"—incredulous tone and knitted brows. "Well, then, why did you not answer the 'phone? I rang up every ten minutes until eleven o'clock."

Something must be done—hang it, all! I had a mind to sub-title this "The Belle of the Bell," but I resisted the lure of alliteration. My Exchange

does not deserve I should throw flowers at her feet. Not wanted, indeed!

London is full of good things just at present—I don't mean meat and wine *ad lib.*, and jam until it cloy, but the eyes have many opportunities to be glad these days. Those autumnal "Butterflies" of the Russian Ballet have rested us from rag-time and given us a good bit of Beauty to help us bear many other things.

Then "Intolerance" has come back—the fine film of that name, I mean; as for the other sort, it will always be with us humans, I am afraid! And, apropos of films, I was struck the other day



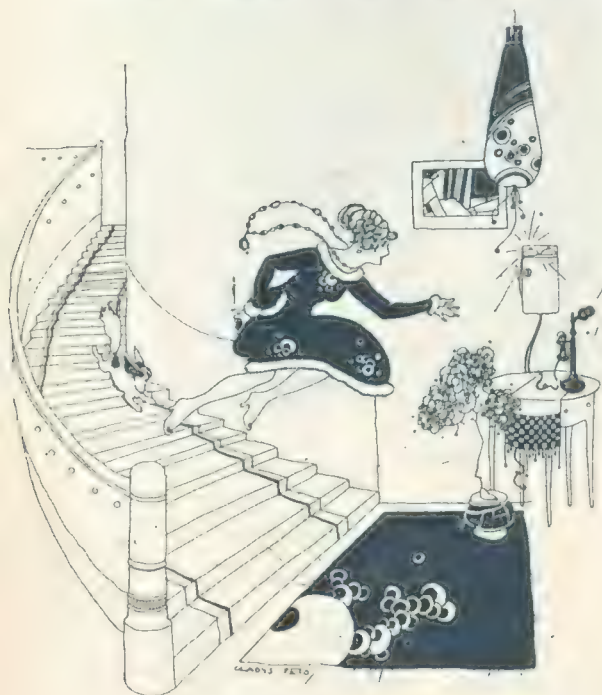
"Persons who . . . by mistake, had picked up diamond rings and fur stoles."

with one of the milestones (not literally, of course, or there wouldn't be much left of me!) on the long, long London highway. For I saw on the screen a very fine and pretty actress, Miss Elaine Hammerstein, in the very palatial theatre which was built at such an enormous cost by her grandfather, Oscar Hammerstein, in the hope of making it the Home of Grand Opera. It is not so long ago—eight years or so, I think.

This I heard with my own ears—always open to harmless amusement. It was at a place where ladies congregate—I have to be vague. The walls of the cloak-room were decorated with notices asking persons who "absent-mindedly" or "by mistake" had picked up diamond rings and sable stoles to return them to the secretary.

Two attendants were discussing kleptomania, probably apropos of one of the above naïve cards.

"Yes," said one, "when it is maids that do it, it's stealing, it is; but when it is ladies—they are not responsible!"



"Skipping several steps at a time."

A SPY HUNT ON A NEWSPAPER STAFF: "THE LIVE WIRE."



A LEADER-WRITER: MERVYN CHESTER (MR. A. SCOTT-GATTY).



CONVICT AND SPY-HUNTER: WILFRED CARPENTER (MR. DONALD CALTHROP).



PROPRIETOR-EDITOR: SIR HARTLEY MERSTHAM (MR. HALLARD).



HEROINE, PRIVATE SECRETARY, CONVICT'S SWEETHEART, AND POLICE-BAFFLER: BETTY BYRNE (MISS HILDA TREVELYAN) "UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHTS," IN "THE LIVE WIRE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

"The Daily Wire" is a very "live" paper. Its proprietor and editor, Sir Hartley Merstham, describes himself as "a man not easily bluffed," yet there is discovered a serious leakage from his office of information useful to the enemy. Hence a spy-hunt, which takes place during a week-end at his country house, where the chief members of his staff

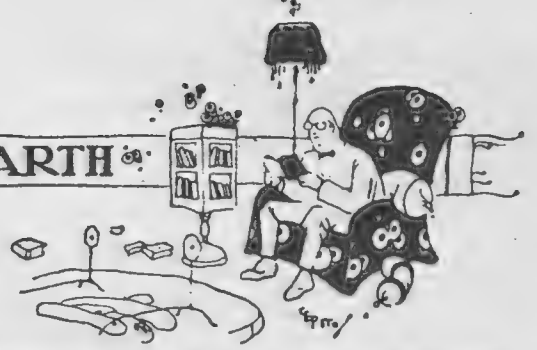
are staying. Three people fall under suspicion, including Wilfred Carpenter (nicknamed "Chips") escaped from prison after being wrongfully convicted of forgery, and himself a spy-hunter. He is protected from the police by his sweetheart, Betty, Sir Hartley's private secretary. Not till the end is the real culprit revealed.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THERE are literary valetudinarians who are as fastidious in their tastes as the common or garden invalid is in the matter of food. One sympathises with such delicate persons up to a point, but draws the line when they take an absurd pride in being so afflicted, as if their sickly limitations were to be preferred to the robust appetite that can enjoy all they can enjoy, and much, in addition, that they can't. There is no reason why a healthy palate should not be able to appreciate both Milton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Macbeth" and "The Bing Boys."

Captain Agate was the *Manchester Guardian's* dramatic critic before he put on khaki and went fighting, and the refreshing thing about his essays of the theatre, "Buzz, Buzz!" is that he has a most blessed catholic taste. His delight in the art of Forbes Robertson does not blind him to what is fine in the art of Vesta Tilley. He does not go on the assumption that what displeases him ought not to please anybody else, and grants that, though "Ghosts" is a better play than "Charley's Aunt," "the easier, simpler fare" is "better and healthier for the general stomach." In "The Two Voices," a conversation between a Critic and a Playwright, the Critic lays it down that the theatre is, in fact, "a common place for common minds," and, "at least, I am sure that melodrama is the most satisfactory form of art," and he tells you why. His list of the performances that have made the most impression on him includes "Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Sign of the Cross." Captain Agate is a shrewd critic, but mitigates the austerities of criticism with commonsense philosophy and a delightful humour.

Nothing of mysticism is in Maeterlinck's new drama, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde"; it is a very poignant, starkly realistic tragedy of the first days of the war, when the Hun broke across Belgium burning and slaying ruthlessly—the sort of thing that has happened in Belgium not once, but a score of times. M. Maeterlinck has taken, as it were, the dry bones of the newspaper report and made them live. The conquering Germans arrive in Stilemonde; the Burgomaster, a kindly, simple man with a hobby for gardening, is bullied that he is hostage for the town's good behaviour; a bullying German officer is shot, and, though the probability is that he was shot revengefully by one of his own troopers, the Burgomaster has to pay the price, and rises nobly to the heights of martyrdom. The intimacy of detail with which the story is developed, the homely touches of character, the swift passing from one hour of suspense to another, drive the reality of it all home to the reader's imagination. The dramatic power of this one day's tragedy lies in the terrible naturalness with which it is presented. The acting rights have been acquired by Mr. Martin Harvey.

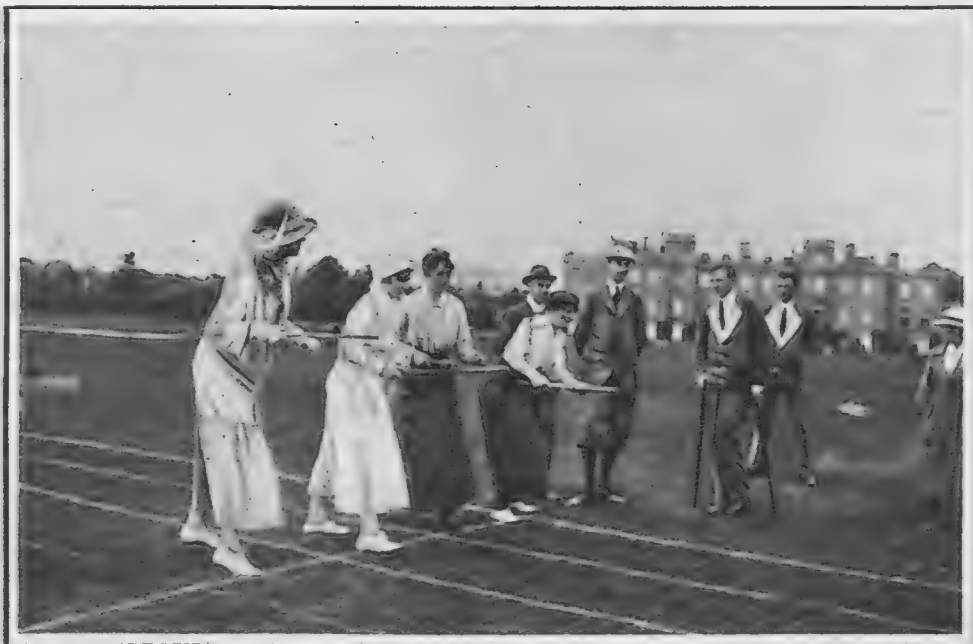
There are amusing anecdotes and no lack of good entertainment in "A Minstrel in France"; but, if Harry Lauder has done his share on the lighter side of the war, it has not always been because he was in the mood for laughter, but because he has known what a godsend the laughter-maker is in these sombre days. There are

moving references to his gallant son, who lies buried in France; but these are incidental to a vivid narration of Harry's recent tour along the front lines, when he sang his familiar songs to enthusiastic audiences who stood to listen with the mud of the trenches still on them. It is the frank simplicity with which he reveals his own feelings and personal experiences—and who would not be as pleased and proud as he was at the crowds that turned out to watch for his coming, at the joyous, friendly shouts of recognition from soldiers along the roads who saw him pass?—that makes the whole book alive and holds you interested.

The fault with most poetical anthologies is that they are too much like each other; but "Corn from Olde Fields," a selection of English poems from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, breaks fresh ground, and dredges up from manuscripts in the public libraries a number of poems that will be new to almost everybody. The book is well arranged and artistically produced. The biographical notes of the writers of the lesser known verse are particularly interesting.

It's the sentiment that does it in "The Butterfly Man." An almost incorrigible burglar who has lost his leg on the railway in escaping from the police is concealed by a broad-minded parson, who hides the man's tools inside the figure of a saint in the church; and then, without moralising or preaching, seeks to reform the fugitive, and by degrees transforms him into a wildly enthusiastic butterfly-collector—and you can't do that sort of thing unless you know how to handle your sentiment properly. Miss Oemler does know, and the result is a quaintly charming tale.

You get no sentiment in "Ladies Must Live" until you are nearing the finish. The ladies belong to a smart set, and say smart things; as they were not brought up to earn their own



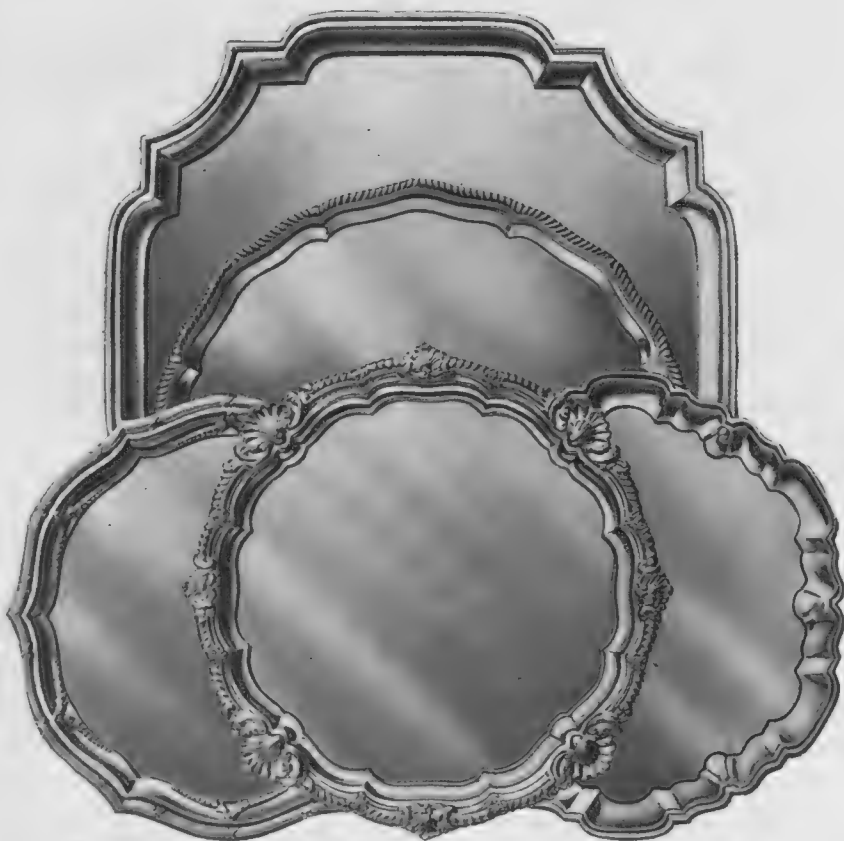
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND IN A TENNIS-RACQUET AND BALL RACE: HER GRACE AT WELBECK ABBEY.

Our photograph was taken during recent hospital sports in the grounds of Welbeck Abbey. The Duchess is seen on the left. Next to her is Miss Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, who is a V.A.D. worker, and daughter of Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, half-brother of the Duke; and on the left of the line is Lord Francis Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duke's son, who is at Eton. The Duchess, before her marriage, was Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke, and is Mistress of the Robes to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

livings, they make or have made it their business to marry somebody who can do that for them. You begin at a country-house party where Max Riatt, a rising young inventor who has already made money, is an expected guest. The hostess, Mrs. Ussher, is resolved that he shall marry her beautiful young friend, Christine Fenimer; Christine resolves to capture him; and the lovely Mrs. Almar, from sheer jealousy and perversity, is bent on baulking the scheme. When, in the second chapter, Christine and Max find themselves shut up for the night alone in a lonely house during a snowstorm, and Christine tries to cry at the thought of how her reputation will be compromised, you may think the trick is as good as done; but I leave you to read it.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Buzz, Buzz! By Captain J. E. Agate. (Collins.)
 The Burgomaster of Stilemonde. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. (Methuen.)
 A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. (Andrew Melrose.)
 Corn from Olde Fields. By Eleanor M. Brougham. (John Lane.)
 The Butterfly Man. By Marie Conway Oemler. (Heinemann.)
 Ladies Must Live. By Alice Duer Miller. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symonds. (Collins.)
 The Anzac Pilgrim's Progress. By Lance-Corporal Cobber. (Simplin.)



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GUSHING!



O'DONOVAN: Well, although it's been so sloppy, it's been fine!

THE GUSHER: Oh, topping. After all, there's something so unconventional about a fine day—so dull!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

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THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS AND THE AIR FLEET.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ONE learns from stray notes in the daily Press that Mr. Winston Churchill has been to France and back by air, and it is interesting to see that the Minister of Munitions has thus given way again to his fondness for flying. Popular interest in aviation is of such recent growth that it is probably not known to the majority of people that we owe our present dominant position in the air very largely to the fact that Mr. Churchill was badly bitten by the aviation microbe some time before the war, and suffered badly from flying fever. In those days, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, he flew a great deal more than was considered either wise or seemly by their Lordships of the period. And, to tell the truth, he certainly took personal risks such as were taken by no other Cabinet Minister of that or any other period.

Mr. Winston Churchill, Aviator.

In those days aeroplanes were not as safe as they are to-day, either in their construction or in their obedience to control, and engines were only reliable in their unreliability. Nevertheless, the first Lord kept a more or less tame aeroplane at Hendon, and a trustworthy pilot on his staff at the Admiralty, and whenever he could spare an hour—or apparently whenever he needed a rest—from the cares of office he used to dash up to Hendon and go for a flight. So far as I can gather, he never flew alone; but I know that when he was once in the air he used to pilot the machine himself, and those who have at various times acted as aerial chauffeurs for him say that he had the makings of a very capable pilot if he had had time to learn the tricks of getting on to and off the ground.

"Flying"
Visits at R.N.A.S.
Stations.

He was just as much at home on a seaplane as on a shore-going machine, for when he used to go for trips round the coast on the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, visiting the various naval stations, he never failed to call at the naval air stations on the way. And, whenever he called at an air station, he always insisted on having one of the machines out and taking it up for a trial trip. The effect on the R.N.A.S. was extraordinarily healthy, for the commanding officers of the various stations never knew the moment

anything for the R.N.A.S. he got it promptly, which would hardly have been the case if he had had to deal with the Sea Lords of the Admiralty alone, or with a First Lord who believed as little in flying as did the average senior naval officer of that period. The result was that the R.N.A.S. was able to try all sorts of experiments with



A STUDY IN AERIAL TARGETS: CADETS INSTRUCTED IN OBSERVATION MAPS, AT AN R.A.F. SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS.

Photograph by S. and G.

engines and aeroplanes at a cost which seemed colossal at the time, though in these days, now that we can see the results, the knowledge gained from them is known to be remarkably cheap at the price.

The Pre-War
Aircraft Industry
Kept Alive.

One most important consequence was that the British aircraft industry was kept alive during the perilous period before the war when it was on the verge of expiring. The War Office policy of that period seemed to be entirely in favour of having all Army aeroplanes built to a few standard Government designs, for hardly any orders were given to private firms for machines of their own designs. Most of the machines for the R.F.C. were ordered from firms which were content to build to official designs, and nearly all the rest were built at the Royal Aircraft Factory. The R.N.A.S., on the other hand, followed a diametrically opposite policy. All its experimental work was done by private firms, and orders were given for new and promising machines whenever they appeared. The result was that several of the firms which are to-day providing the Royal Air Force with the best machines of all types, land-aeroplanes as well as seaplanes, were literally kept alive by Admiralty orders. Which would not have happened but for the foresight of Commodore Sueter and the affection of Mr. Churchill for everything concerned with flying.

Munition Officials
Favour Aviation.

Now that aircraft production is directly under the Ministry of Munitions, it is equally well that the Minister of Munitions himself should be so keen on flying, for one can easily imagine that if the Minister knew nothing about aviation, and cared less, it might be quite difficult for the Department of Aircraft Production to obtain the priority for aircraft material and machinery which is necessary to keep the R.A.F. thoroughly supplied. As it is, we have the Minister of Munitions no less keen than the Air Minister himself on getting ahead with aircraft output. Moreover, the chief of the Priority Department at the Ministry of Munitions, Major Alan Burgoyne, M.P., is one of the pioneers of Parliamentary agitation for an adequate Air Service. And, by another curious coincidence, the chief of the Machine Tool Department at the Ministry of Munitions, Mr. Edward Iliffe, is the head of Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., who started a magazine called *Flying*. So altogether there seems to be quite a strong affection for things aeronautic at the Ministry of Munitions. All of which holds promise of great things for our Air Fleet in the future.



AT A ROYAL AIR FORCE SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS: CADETS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN OBSERVATION MAPS.

Photograph by S. and G.

when the energetic First Lord might turn up and insist on flying. The result was that the stations were always kept up to concert pitch.

The R.N.A.S.'s
Debt to
Mr. Churchill.

All this practical experience had a converse effect, for his constant experiences in the air impressed on Mr. Churchill the possibilities of naval aviation, and consequently, whenever Commodore Sueter, R.N.—who was the Director of the Air Department at the Admiralty, and the father of naval flying—wanted



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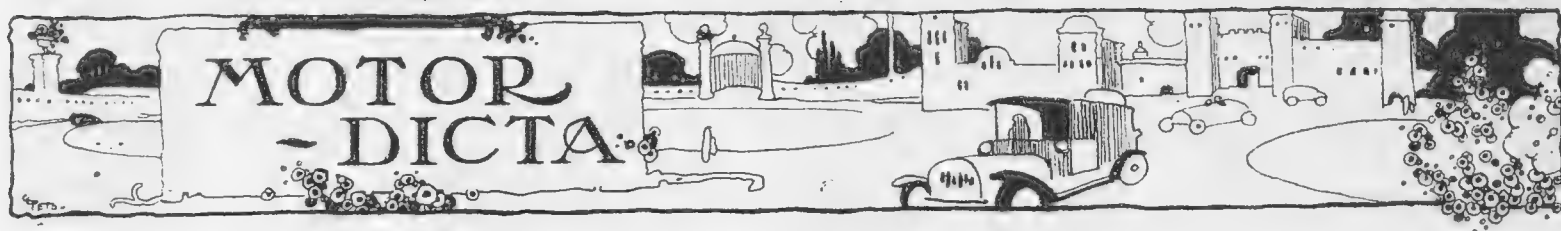
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STRIKES AND CONTROVERSIES: A CHAPTER OF GRIEVANCES.

By GERALD BISS.

THE railway strike lasted just long enough to bring home to us the value and the loss of the dry-docked auto, immobilised by legions throughout the length and breadth of this "dry" country. First the value. Within a few minutes of the strike the new Road Transport Board was busy justifying its existence, with the help of the Middlesex Motor Volunteers and others less official, by prompt preparations for conveying essential perishables—such as milk, margarine, yeast, and so forth—to London. Milk, of all, was the most important, as the bulk of London's supply comes from the West Country, and the Great Western and the South Western were of all the lines the most immediately affected. Had the strike not collapsed so quickly of its own flagrant immorality, we should have had public blessings invoked upon the usually anathematised automobile, and flaring headlines in the consistently hostile papers, such as "London Saved from Famine by Motor-Cars."

An Ice Strike. The worst alimentary horror I struck was a cocktail—at eighteen-pence!—at the R.A.C. *without ice* to blend the war-worn ingredients; and I cursed the malevolent strikers with a disgruntled tongue. However, later on, I found my curdled curses had been misdirected, and had, by special act of grace, to transfer them to the syndicalist heads of the ice-van drivers, who had also taken the bit between their teeth and condemned the last ice of summer to melt its heart away in loneliness pending an ambassadorial increase of their weekly honorariums. The price, however, curtailed the hardship to all except motor magnates and munition-mongers, as the rest of mankind cannot afford, like Pendennis, to be "eager epicures at eighteenpence" a time!

Marooned in London. Then as to the loss of use of cars. The "Puffing Billies" on my country line were jibbing badly, and such trains as ran were sporadic and infrequent. Several hotels in London refused me a place to lay my head; and I decided, if things grew worse, to scrounge a gallon or

canter of the I.W.W. (or whatever particular brand of hothead pacifists it was), ought to prepare emergency rations and special tickets to put all dry-docked autos into immediate commission another time, lest worse befall!

"Entinnyng"
Sardinely.

As it was, in desperation I boarded a knock-kneed train, sardinely packed, which showed no class prejudice with regard to tickets, and waited until it condescended to start. At every station it stopped—twice for preference—and, by the official aid of an



NOT YET MOTOR-DRIVEN: A CARRIAGE FOR CONVEYING FRENCH WAR-DOGS FROM PLACE TO PLACE!

French Official Photograph.

invisible shoe-horn, callously added to the overcrowding in a fashion which would have brought tears to the eyes of even an L.C.C. inspector—before the war! Then, to add insult to injury, I was cast forth into outer darkness at an obscure station five miles from my destination. Desperately I tried to suborn a taxi, but the only one had been most unscrupulously jumped by half-a-dozen wounded officers from our local millionaire's V.A.D. At my real port of disembarkation I knew that the car was waiting for me, champing impatiently, and I tried to telephone to tell it to come along and—to Dora; but the telephone seemed to have struck too! At last a woe-begone little local puff-puff was kind enough to put in a belated appearance, and once more we "entinnyng" with the activity of well-oiled sardines. Upon arriving at length at my home station, haggard and years older, I found the car quite sulky at having had to wait so long. Never again shall I sally forth during a railway strike in these automobileless days. Life is too short. I shall sulk Achilleally in my bed, and plead illness across the telephone to town, lying splendidly. It was parlous near a case of "no ice, no milk, no margarine, no trains, and November"! It was an occasion when, in my supineness, I was perfectly prepared to admit that the automobile is certainly *both* a luxury and a necessity.

Chancellorial
Knees and
Editorial Taboos.

Which reminds me that there is good reason to believe that Mr. Bonar Law won't face putting before the House during its last lap the contumacious Committee's holus-bolus schedule of luxuries, but will present a greatly emasculated and much less controversial little list. Whether this will include the much-abused automobile or not is on the knees of the Chancellor, and we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile, in his omnipotence, the editor rules out any reply to my esteemed and drastic colleague, Mr. C. G. Grey, as he wisely taboos long-drawn discussions; but I, in common with a good many far more able and erudite auto-folk, would have liked a few words upon this wholesale and summary castigation of the automobile engine in relation to the aeroplane.



WITH WHEELS GUARANTEED TO GRIP THE GROUND: A FRENCH "MOTOCULTEUR."

French Official Photograph.

two of unlawful petrol from somewhere and risk internment under "Dora" rather than pad the pavement the livelong night, or doss subterraneanly like an East-End Tube troglodyte on a Gotha night. Really, the Petrol Control Department, after this preliminary



A plainly-worded notice—a desire to disregard it—a feeling of fidgetiness—a glance at your watch—another at the door—a sudden inspiration (important engagement, simply must tear oneself away)—a dash for liberty—

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Take a generous finger and thumb-full of the cool, subtly-fragrant mixture. Press it gently down into your pipe. Shade the flame of your lighter. And as you taste the deep, mellow, richly-flavoured smoke, you say to yourself, "Ah, that's better. That's what I've been wanting all the time!"

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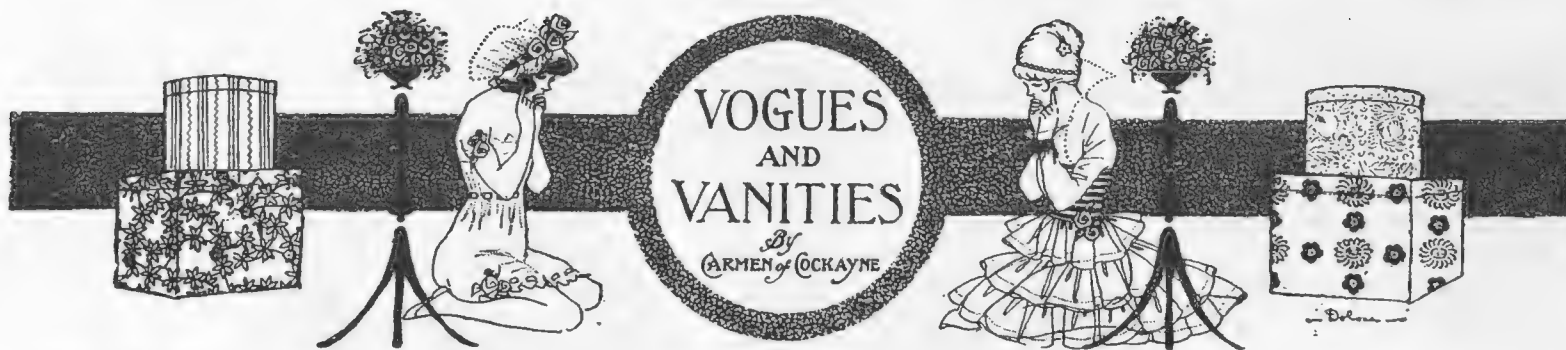
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What Was It? Eve, one gathers, hadn't a voice in the choice of her first fur coat. History, too, is rather reticent as to the furs employed. It would be interesting to know in exactly what kind of skin the first woman launched fur fashions for the benefit of an admiring audience of one. Was it skunk or sable, natural musquash or silky chinchilla, that first helped to reconcile Adam to wearing something more than the covering that Nature gave him?—or did he and his wife say good-bye to innocence in the kind of skins in which animals only interesting to geologists these days used to frolic? We shall never know. Anyhow, it's pretty safe to say that they couldn't have had anything more alluring than the furs which hard-working artists in peltry provide for their descendants to wear in war-time.

A Good Turn. Fashion did women a good turn when she decided that fur could be used on everything. This article has nothing to do with the fur-trimmed undies that are being designed to keep lovely woman warm in a coal-less world; but it is interesting to know that the furs that are seen are not the only kind of furs that a woman may wear.

What Every Woman Wants. Now that autumn is here in fact as well as by the calendar, the peltry question is almost more important than the frock one. Everybody wants to have a fur coat—at least, every woman does. It is not, perhaps, quite so well known as it ought to be that almost everyone can have it if they only know where to go. The war has affected the fur trade, but it hasn't affected the ingenuity of those who make their living by it, beyond stimulating them to even

greater efforts on behalf of those who advertise their good works to an admiring world. The net result of their labour is the production of all kinds of lovely things made from skins which no one thought worth bothering about a few years ago. Anyone who wants to know how very wide a range of materials is included in the word "furs" has only to go to the International Fur Store, at 163-165, Regent Street, where every kind of pelt that a human being may wear can be seen at its most becoming best.

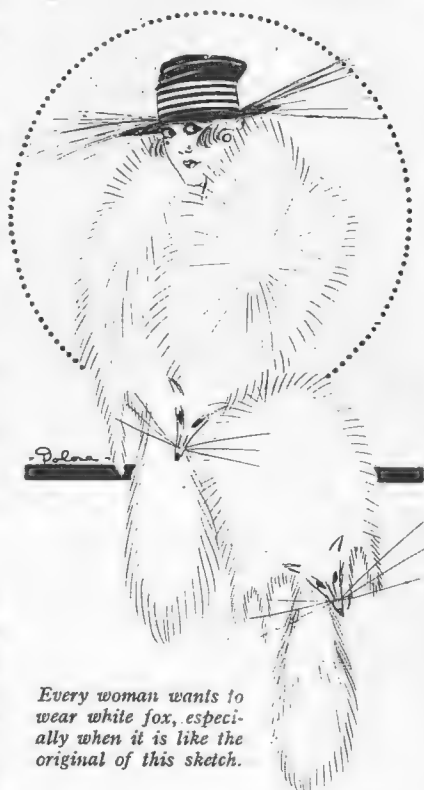
The Little More. Given technical knowledge, any ordinary craftsman can sew skins together into the semblance

of a coat. But something more than that is wanted to make the kind of thing the woman of to-day will wear. Peltry must be lovely as well as useful, or your modern Eve will have none of it; that's how it happens that a coat may start life as seal-musquash and finish as skunk, or it may be beaver or nutria—both of them furs which are occupying a prominent position in the dress world at the moment. Broadtail and Persian are both lovely and of good report. Undoubted aristocrats as they are, however, their position does not secure them from alliance with other pelts. Occasionally, too, a coat or one of the new cape-wraps will have a striped appearance; and the fur on any given collar may conceivably "run" in different directions. There is nothing wrong with the fur; it is just one of the many devices the fur-worker adopts to banish monotony from his choicest creations.

Small Furs. The term "small furs" covers a multitude of attractions. The fur tie of yester-year has been succeeded by so many delightful things, all capable of doing its work becomingly, that it is difficult to discriminate between their merits. Dolores' sketches show three different ways of keeping warm when one hasn't a fur coat or when the weather does not require its use. White fox still remains the most popular of its tribe, and no wonder when it takes the form shown on this page. But white fox and a not too long purse are two of the things that can't be reconciled in this troublesome world. Yet there are so many becoming alternatives that it doesn't really very much matter. It was something more than mere caprice on the part of the Mode to decide on the resurrection of the close-fitting shoulder-cape worn by our grandmothers. Not that the skunk original of one of to-day's illustrations has anything, except a far-off suggestion in the matter of style, in common with the atrocities that passed for smartness in the days of Albert the Good; but it has the merit of keeping cold at a distance, and as an alternative to a coat when a coat is out of the question, has no rival, except the very wide stole which every smart woman includes in her fur collection.

Sweet are the Uses of a Stole. Wide stoles, like adversity, have many sweet

uses, as everyone who has the good fortune to possess one will readily admit. There is, of course, their first and most obvious one—that of a shoulder-wrap. But it only requires a little ingenuity to turn them into something very closely resembling the short, loose fur coats that are so useful for slipping on over a tailored suit. And the wide ones are generally so wide that they reach well below the elbow. In the circumstances, it only wants a little ribbon or a loop-and-button fastening to hold the sides together in such a fashion as to form a very good imitation of a sleeve. Another device is to tuck up both ends into a wide hem through which the arms can be drawn when the wearer feels inclined, thus disposing of the necessity for a muff—who says women can't be economical? Muffs are of two kinds, large and small; and of the two the large, flat, pillow-shaped affairs are the most attractive, though the pert little melon-shaped ones have a large number of admirers. But, after all, it is only a matter of taste and knowing the right place at which to buy, which is an art in itself, and enables many a woman with a slender purse to look as well dressed as her richer sister.



Every woman wants to wear white fox, especially when it is like the original of this sketch.



Silver fox is one of the most becoming furs, which is quite enough to account for its popularity.



Skunk is not only modish, but lasts almost for ever. What better excuse for buying it could a war-time woman advance?



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Wave That is Not a Washout.

Everything points to the fact that heads are to be smaller and very neatly coiffured. The latest millinery is, perhaps, the surest indication of this fact. The new hats fit so closely that the hair must be worn closely dressed to ensure not being disarranged by them. No longer is straight hair even nominally in favour—it has never been really admired. The Marcel Hairwave is now more desirable than ever; and the fact that Marcel's Permanent, Ltd., has removed from 351, Oxford Street, to more spacious premises at 353, Oxford Street, is only one of many proofs of the success attained. It is a wave that never becomes a "washout," for a shampoo enhances its natural undulations. It keeps all right in hot climates, and it destroys the microbe that causes baldness. For those not within reach of the Marcel salons there are home outfits which are simple in use and produce a similar delightful result to that by the Marcel operators.

Suitability and Smartness.

"No paper clothes for us," I thought gratefully, as I looked round the fine Ladies' Department of Ulster House, Conduit Street, and realised that, whoever else may have been caught by shortage, Kenneth Durward had a stock of tweed-cloths, serges, and blanket-cloths leaving nothing to be desired. It goes without saying that the made-up models from these were of the neatest and smartest specimens of first-rate tailor-building. The coats and skirts are suitable for town or country, for lunch, or a brisk walk; and from January to December, in our climate. They are a lesson in good taste and stylish dressing. Real moral support is afforded to any woman by being attired in such beautifully cut and tailored suits. The blanket-cloth coats rob the winter—even with a fuel shortage—of terrors. A maxim carried out at Ulster House is warmth without weight, and good style always.

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A restaurant gown of pink crêpe-de-Chine with an empicement collar embroidered in tones of blue, green, and silver; the same colour-scheme in embroidery adorning the tunic.

as the Ganesh to aid in the defensive action against Time. Mrs. Adair knows her work, and provides against every way in which our old enemy with the scythe tries to year-mark us. The Ganesh-Diable tonic cleans, clears, and whitens the skin and strengthens it against wrinkles; while for tired eyes it is an excellent wash. As there are Ganesh defences for every ill, it is wisest to visit 92, New Bond Street, and seek expert advice, which can be relied upon, as all preparations, whether defensive or offensive, against age-marks and disfiguration of the skin are recommended by the medical faculty.

Be Sure to Try It. From the land of the Pharaohs we have much that is of mystic and fascinating allurements. Possibly nothing appeals more directly than the Egyptian manipulation of the fragrant weed into cigarettes. To be perfect, to get the correct aroma, and the flavour beloved of connoisseurs, these should be made actually in the wonderful atmosphere of Egypt. This is one of many good reasons why Le Kanopus cigarettes are so greatly liked by smokers of both sexes. They are made from mellow Oriental tobacco in Cairo itself, and the Egyptian Government stamp on the tin is assurance of this. The subtle flavour and the soothing qualities of such smokes speak for themselves, and demand a trial. Once tried the result is, a foregone conclusion—Le Kanopus will be in full favour ever after.

Be Wise in Time.

Sing hey for this happy, happy autumn and our clothes! When things are going so well as they are on all fronts for our arms, we women can once again take

(Continued overleaf.)



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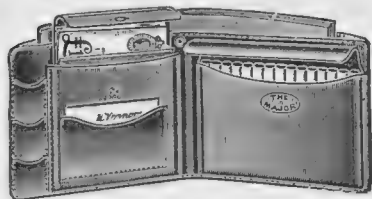
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career. The one outstanding element in a good
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hair, we would recommend Anzora to every man,
for it will control the most refractory hair and
train it in the smart, smoothly brushed style now
the mode.

Beware of
Substitutes.

ANZORA
HAIR CREAM

Anzora Perfumery Company, 28, 32, 34, Willesden Lane, N.W. 6.

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NAVAL, MILITARY
& CIVIL TAILORS

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Cut and tailored by experts in
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Officers' uniforms supplied by
Wilkinsons are celebrated for
correctness of detail, quality of
material and durability.

Buying only from the Best British
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Persons' Naval and Military Equipment
of every description supplied from stock,
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At one inclusive price, Wilkinson's Service
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in accordance with Government
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Full particulars and self-measurement
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Always Correct
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THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,

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T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director.

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SUITABLE FOR
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K 209
Charming Blouse Robe (ready to wear).

In Black Ninon, with Pleated Skirt. The Back, Front, and the drop ends of Bodice are outlined with small Jet Beads. Deep Belt of Sequins, Band of Sequins also at wrist. Neck softened with runnings of Chenille, in Self or Colour.

Price £5 : 19 : 6

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD.,
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PRACTICAL HIGH-NECK OVER-BLOUSE

An exact copy of an exclusive Paris model with the new coatee effect, to be worn over skirt. Made by our own workers in rich Crêpe-de-Chine, with high neck tie, edged with fur and lapels crossing at back and hanging over front as shown. In all colours and black.

PRICE
98/6

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

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"Sporty Boyees" are now wearing

"Clydella"

(Regd.)

the soft, warm, and durable material
for SHIRTS and PYJAMAS.

Write for patterns, etc., to the Manufacturers:
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Regd. Trade Mark

Lotus

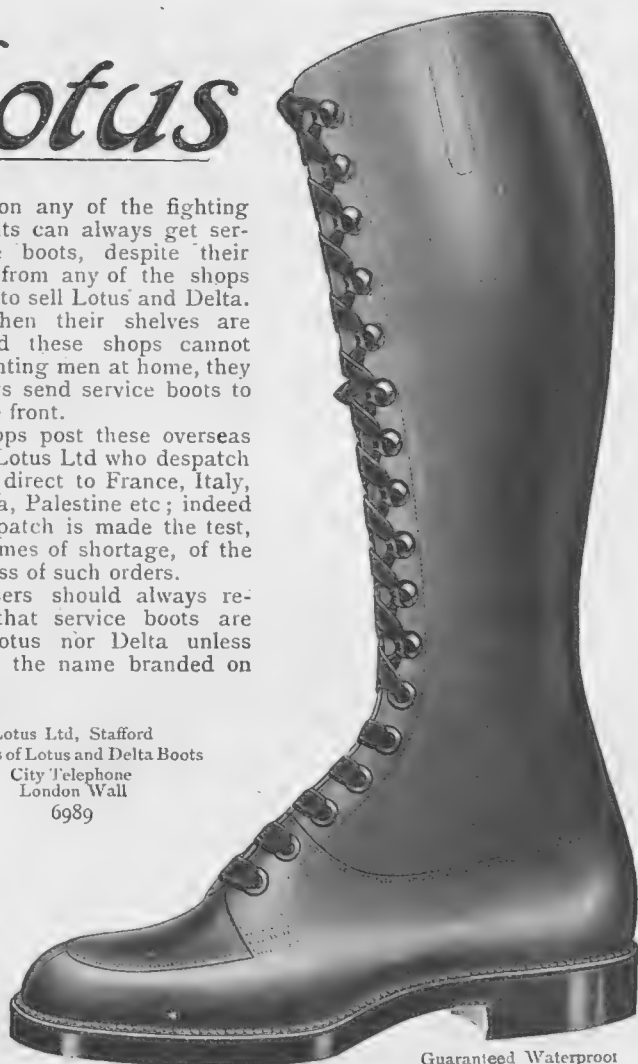
MEN on any of the fighting fronts can always get service boots, despite their shortage, from any of the shops appointed to sell Lotus and Delta.

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Purchasers should always remember that service boots are neither Lotus nor Delta unless they have the name branded on the soles.

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Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
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Guaranteed Waterproof

359 Low Leg - 60/-

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Agents everywhere

At last your SANATOGEN must cost you more

Temporary Increase Unavoidable

Until this—the fifth year of the War—SANATOGEN has remained one of the very few good things that have never “gone up.”

Despite the enormous and ever-growing increase in the cost of raw-materials, manufacture, etc.—despite, too, the phenomenal demand for SANATOGEN and the relative scarcity of supplies—we have not added even a half-penny to the original advertised selling-prices.

We hoped to maintain that policy: had it been commercially possible we should have done so. But one of the basic ingredients of SANATOGEN has now become so costly that we are compelled either to lower the quality of SANATOGEN or to raise the retail prices.

The first course is unthinkable; in no circumstances would we make the slightest change in the quality of SANATOGEN, on which its whole virtue depends. We have therefore decided to charge a little more for it, but with the proviso that *the old prices will be restored at the earliest possible moment.*

Please note carefully the following points:—

(1) Taking the largest-sized tin as a standard of comparison *the new cost of Sanatogen works out at slightly less than 2½d. per dose, instead of 2d.*

(2) *Apart from its wonderful tonic effects, Sanatogen yields so much concentrated nutriment that it more than repays its cost in food-value alone.*

(3) Medical men and Hospitals will continue to be supplied with Sanatogen at the old prices.

(4) The new prices, which take effect as from October 1st, 1918, are as follows:—

9/6 size is now 10/9

5/- size is now 5/9

2/9 size is now 3/3

1/9 size is now 2/3

(5) The prices of our other preparations—including FORMAMINT TABLETS—have NOT been increased.

(6) As the demand for both SANATOGEN and FORMAMINT is far in excess of the supply, they will have to be strictly rationed this winter; so you should order them from your chemist as soon as possible.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED

(British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Company)
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(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda.)

A NEW FRENCH WRAP COAT

This Model is in Navy Velour Cloth, and has the new “Fichu” collar of finest Mole-Coney. It is lined throughout with Mole Satin to match the fur on the collar and cuffs. The charm of this garment resides in its smart lines, which are becoming to every type of figure.



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**Coats
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*Our new Jersey Suits
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THE BEST
“Tidy-wear” combines Strength,
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Medium:
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Small Mesh:
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IS CHEAPEST.
Of Hygienically Cleansed Human
Hair, pre-eminently
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*Insist upon the
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it makes all the
difference.*

**SOLD BY
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“Tidy-Wear”
PATENTED **HAIR NETS** REGISTERED



Distinctive and Well-Tailored SKIRT

Well-Cut Skirt of real Scotch Tweed, in black and white, navy and white, or nigger and white stripes. Made in our own workrooms.

89/6

ANTIQUE LACES.

Special Offer on

MONDAY next, OCT. 14, & during the week 5,000 pieces of very rare old Point d'Alençon, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Lille, and English Thread Laces.

These goods are principally in short lengths and present a unique opportunity to Collectors and Lovers of old Lace to purchase Specimen Pieces at Half the price ruling to-day in the principal London Salerooms.

Fully illustrated Season's Catalogue post free on application.

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The Rest Gown illustrated here is made from rich quality Velvet by our own highly skilled workers and cut on most becoming lines, and is specially designed to meet the present demand for warm and practical garments.

CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN (as sketch) very fully cut on straight lines without fastenings, with long sleeves to the wrist, neck and sleeves trimmed rich skunk, finished at waist with handsome girdle.

PRICE 8½ Gns.

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NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody

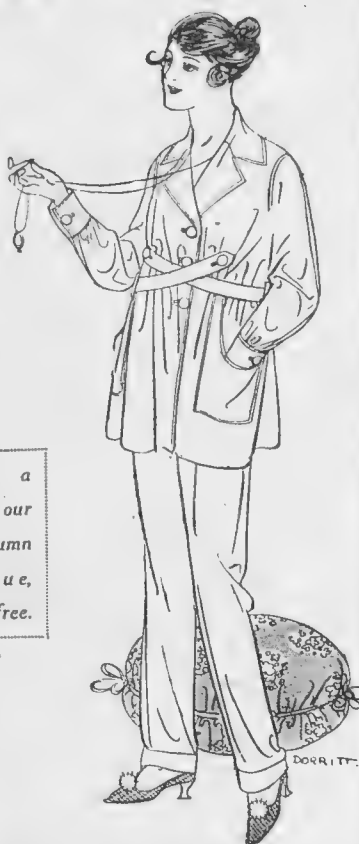
Wigmore Street,
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Robinson & Cleaver's



Write for a
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New Autumn
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No. S 23. Nightdress in Crêpe-de-Chine, real flet lace inserted on yoke and sleeves, hand-made slots to take ribbon forming Empire line. Finished real Valenciennes lace. Hand Made. Colours: Ivory, pink and mauve.

89/6

No. S 69. Ladies' Pyjamas, made in our own workrooms in good washing silk. Colours: Pink, blue and ivory.

59/6

Also same model in excellent quality Crêpe-de-Chine. Colours: Pink and blue.

72/9

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., The Linen Hall, Regent St., LONDON, W. I.

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The famed
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Coats are made
in many delight-
ful materials
and are obtain-
able only from
Greensmith
Downes.

Send a postcard
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time Illustrated
List.



- A. Merino "Alba" Coat, full shape, smart, collar, belt fastening with buckle. Shades—sky, wheat, grey, saxe, natural, light and bottle green, navy. Price 59/6 carriage free.
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GREENSMITH DOWNES & SON

146 George Street, Edinburgh.



"The Queen of Knitted Coats."





There is still a large supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer, or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

No Smells from Cooking now I use 'Milton'

In most homes one can tell when they're going to have cabbage for dinner by the smell in the Drawing-room.

But not if they have discovered the secret of using MILTON.

Until Milton was discovered, there was no way of avoiding cooking smells. But Milton has found a way. If Milton is used, no smells will emanate from the kitchen.

Get a bottle of Milton to-day. With it you will get a little booklet of fifty-nine household recipes.

No. 28 reads as follows:—

Smells from cooking—How to avoid

If it is desired to avoid the objectionable smells which permeate a house or flat when cabbage, cauliflower, onions, or other vegetables are cooking, or when "cabbage water" is poured off, immerse the vegetables in a mixture of 1 part Milton to 60 or 80 parts cold water (say 1 to 1½ table-spoonfuls Milton to each quart of water), and let them soak in this mixture 30 to 45 minutes before cooking. Then pour off Milton solution, and cook vegetables in the ordinary way, with salt and a pinch of soda if desired. The vegetables so treated are not only safer, but also more palatable.

Try this and you will be delighted at the result. So will your husband.

Milton is new. You have nothing to-day with which to compare it. It is not a "cure-all," yet in one bottle of Milton you obtain an article which will perform more than 50 every-day services—services for which you to-day buy a dozen or more different preparations.

Milton does every one of these thoroughly, reliably, quickly.

To be able to perform so many widely varying services, Milton must, of course, be a powerful fluid. It is powerful. But (and this is perhaps its most astonishing feature) it is absolutely harmless, perfectly safe. It can be used freely, or the bottle may be left standing about without the least anxiety. For Milton, although it is so powerful and effective, is non-poisonous; it will not burn or stain the hands or skin; it will not take fire or explode; it is clear and clean, and what little smell it has disappears almost immediately after use.

MILTON is sold in $\frac{1}{3}$ & $\frac{2}{6}$ bottles by all dealers

The $\frac{2}{6}$ Bottle contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as the $\frac{1}{3}$ Bottle

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Write for Catalogue of
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Diamond Half-Hoop, £19 10s.,
£32 10s. and
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Square Cut
Diamond, Sapphire
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£22 5s.



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Diamond & Square
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£34 10s.



A.S.C.

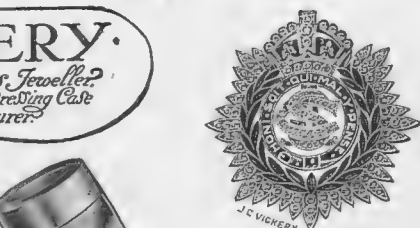
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18-ct. GOLD SIGNET RINGS,
with Regimental Ribbon, beauti-
fully enamelled in proper colours.
Any Regiment supplied.
Only 35/- each. Order early.



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Diamond and Enamel
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Gold & Enamel
Badge
Brooches of
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No. A 1852
Vickery's popular Gold-mounted Solid
Tortoiseshell Cigarette Tubes,
4 sizes: 30/-, 33/6, 35/-, and 40/-



R.A.F. Brooch, in Diamonds & Enamel,
£17 10s.
With Diamond Letters and Gold and Enamel
Wings, £6 18s. 6d.
Plain Gold and Enamel, £2 10s.



ATTRACTIVE TEAGOWNS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

ADAPTED from the
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and made in our own work-
rooms from rich quality
materials.

ATTRACTIVE TEA-
GOWN in very heavy Crêpe-
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chamuse, with new large
square collar and revers of
white georgette, long warm
sleeves and finished at waist
with wide sash to match. In
black and a good range of
colours.

Price 6½ Gns.

Also in chiffon velvet in black
and colours.

Price 7½ Gns.



H.I. Sheer Linen, Hand-embroidered
Handkerchiefs, with one row veining
and rolled hem. In assorted designs
11/6 per dozen; 1/- each.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.

NOTE.—This Establishment will
be closed on Saturdays until
further notice.

**"WARTIME"**

NOT a commonplace footwear — nothing that Manfield's make is commonplace, or wanting in character and interest.

BUT a range of boots and shoes at Government controlled prices that are distinctively Manfield's in shape, make, style and finish.

LONDON—67 & 68 Cheapside, E.C.2.
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Every
Burberry
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rely for Healthful Security on THE BURBERRY Service Weatherproof

because they know that, however severe the conditions, its efficient protection enables them to perform their duties in comfort.

The Burberry has incalculable advantages over garments which contain rubber, oiled-silk, or other air-tight fabrics in that its textural ventilation is thoroughly hygienic, its airtight weight is maintained after heavy rain, and its proofing is unaffected by extremes of temperature or hard wear.

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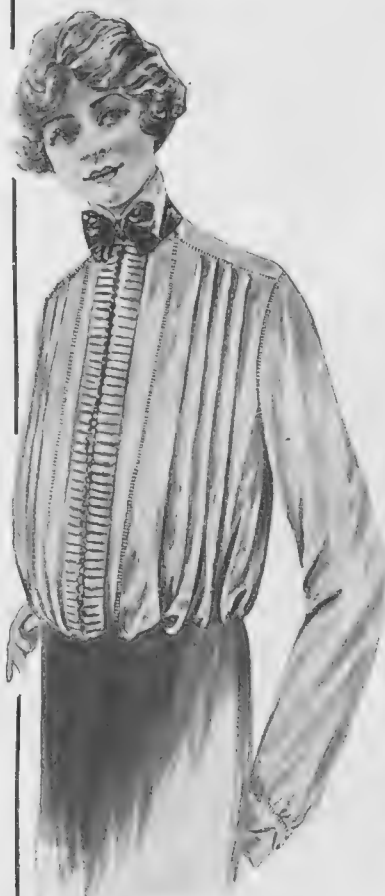
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*During the War Officers' Service
Burberrys, Tielockens, and Burberry
Trench-and-Air-Warms cleaned and
re-proofed FREE OF CHARGE.*

The Burberry Weatherproof.

The ideal safeguard for Officers of all arms.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W.1 **LONDON**
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.



HIGH NECK SHIRT BLOUSES FOR COLD DAYS.

NEW BLOUSE (as sketch),
in heavy Crêpe-de-
Chine, adapted from a Worth
model, with hand-stitched
seams, pleated fronts, finished
two rows of kilted satin
ribbon high to the neck
with smart stock of black
satin ribbon.

Price 78/6



H.2. Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs.
with 6 rows veining.
21/- per dozen.
Do., with 3 rows veining, 13/6 doz.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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RELIABLE FURS

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable quality. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions, by our own highly skilled furriers, from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The fit, shape and finish are invariably excellent.

ORIGINAL MODEL FUR COAT, in selected Seal dyed Musquash with collar, flounce and band across back of sable dyed squirrel, lined handsome printed French satin Mousseline.

This model can be copied in various soft furs.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

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Newest French Models

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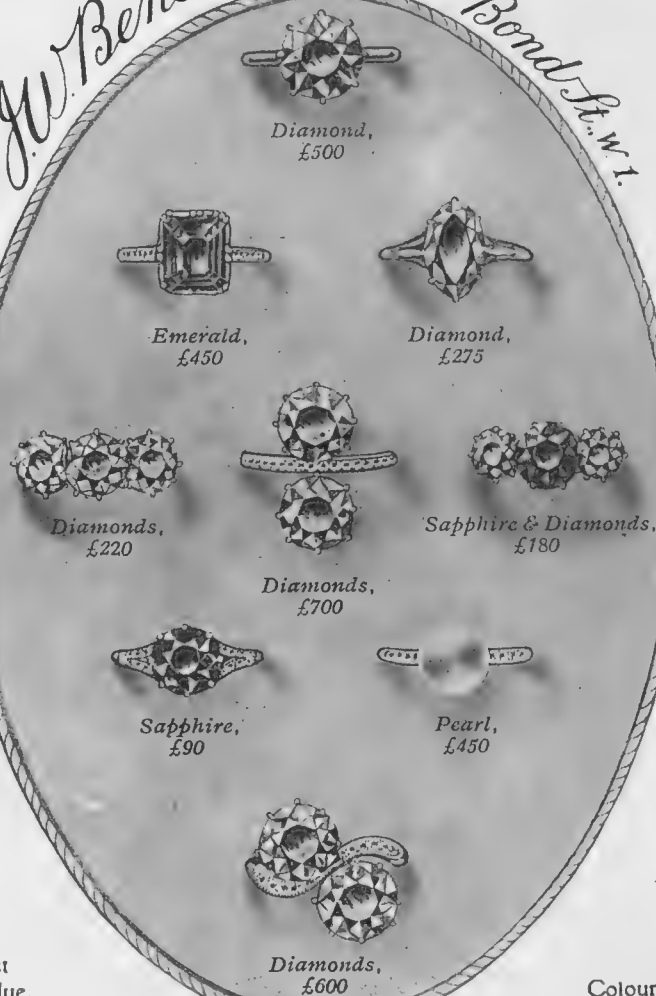


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PURE SILK

Look for the word "Lista" upon the selvedge.
Your favourite pattern can be selected at any Outfitters.

Wholesale only:
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

J. W. Bensons 25 Old Bond St. W. 1.



Best
Value,
Quality and
Design.

Fine Gem Rings

Coloured
Sketches
sent free.

Vi-Cocoa

*The little Syllable
that means so much*

BE sure to ask for **VI-Cocoa**
—always.

VI means **Life**. And
VI-Cocoa is so named because
it revives and invigorates all
who take it.

Its good effects are immediate
in cases of exhaustion and
nerve strain.

Business men and women who
drink a cup of Vi-Cocoa
immediately they reach home
find themselves able and ready
to derive benefit from their
evening meal, as they cannot do
when they are "too tired to eat."

Children like Vi-Cocoa; it makes
them strong and vigorous.

Always ask for **VI-COCOA**—and
see that "Little Miss Vi" is on
every packet.

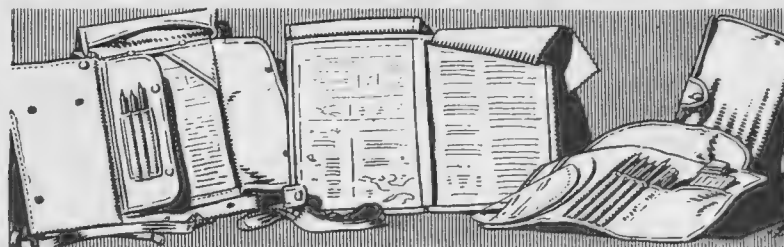
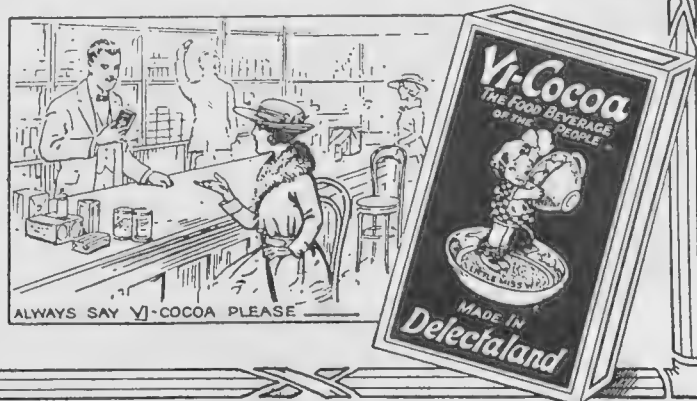
Vi-Cocoa is popularly known as **the
Food Beverage**.

And it goes farther than any other
cocoa on the market to-day.

VI-COCOA, remember!

MADE IN DELECTALAND.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.,
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MAP CASES, designed for Students, Staff, or General Work, all supplied by us, contain a diagram of conventional signs and a few essential map-reading and field-sketching notes.

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| No. 1.—Waterproof Diill, three-fold, closed 5½ in. by 10½ in., giving a Map Surface 15 in. by 10 in. when open | 17/6 |
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Military customers can rely on obtaining all the necessary Uniform, Kit, and Equipment, with the exception of boots and leggings. Folder No. 5, giving a wider range of current prices, sent on application.

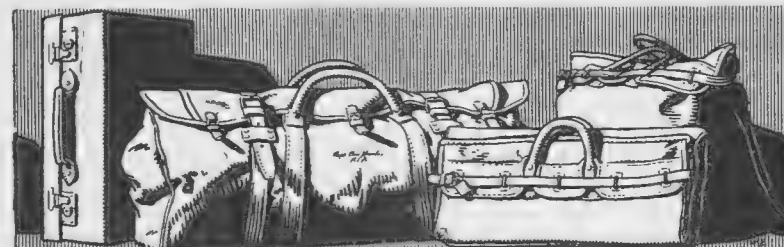
THRESHER & GLENNY,

Military Tailors and Outfitters.

152 and 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

TRAVELLING CASES and KIT BAGS for practical utility and hard usage.

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| The Collapsible type, measuring 24 by 12 by 6 packed, and 24 by 12 by 3 folded, made of waterproof canvas, with strap and padlock. Handy to carry in sleeping valise and useful for leave or short journeys | 55/- |
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| Useful Leather Suit Cases, with two locks. Special value. | |
| 22 by 13½ by 6 | 75/- |
| 24 by 14 by 6 | 78/- |
| 26 by 14½ by 6 | 84/- |
| 22 by 14 by 8 | 80/- |
| 24 by 14½ by 8 | 84/- |
| 26 by 15 by 8 | 95/- |



**MANY NUTRITIOUS DISHES
CAN BE PREPARED WITH
POTATOES, ONIONS AND
OTHER VEGETABLES AND**

OXO

A handbill containing recipes for OXO and vegetable dishes, etc., will be sent free on receipt of a postcard addressed to—
OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

Continued.
pleasure in our clothes. To us, in this nick of time, comes a booklet from Dickins and Jones wherein we may see for our own selves that the very latest is the very nicest, and that the very nicest is also the most economical. The many illustrations show upon what practical lines our clothes in this favourite establishment have been cut and built. The fact that our heating arrangements cannot be so luxurious as usual has also been duly considered, and furs are specially attractive, as are marabout wraps—light, warm, and rich-looking. Dresses in crêpe-de-Chine, crêpe chiffon, Eolienne, serge, wool hopsack, chiffon velvet, etc., offer an enticing choice. The booklet is worth sending for, and a noteworthy hint is that the prices therein quoted can only be guaranteed for one month—so be wise in time!

Nothing Like Linen.

There are yet three days in which to secure some of the good things offered by the autumn sale at Robinson and Cleaver's Linen Hall, Regent Street. A great feature of it will be the splendid investments made possible in Irish linens, for which the firm bears a world-wide reputation; and which become increasingly difficult to obtain. Beautiful damask table-cloths in the newest and most attractive designs; linen-embroidered and lace-trimmed tea-cloths and bed-spreads; linen sheets, face-towels, and pillow-cases—all are offered at prices which cannot be repeated until better times have been reached and enjoyed for a long period. It is, of course, the house *par excellence* for handkerchiefs, and in these value and variety in choice is wonderful. With winter and fuel shortage staring



The figure on the left is wearing a smart corduroy tailor-made of mole-colour, trimmed with musquash. The second figure wears a most successful design for either velveteen or velvet. In a dark colour, with lighter embroidery in heavy Japanese wool, a smart effect in contrasts is achieved.

us in the face, cosy underclothing is naturally a favourite department in the sale. It extends to every department in this great house, the children's as well as adults'.

Well-Done Beaten. When Harrods create a record, it falls to Harrods to set about bettering it. I have Harrods' autumn book by me, and I have enjoyed it too much to bother my head about what they are going to do next—it doesn't now seem possible that they can improve on it. The woman on the cover is herself the picture of an alluring autumn, and the contents make autumn an alluring season to us womenkind now, especially that we can contemplate it with good hearts. Of our many war lessons, none has been more truly learnt than the value of good quality, and the wisdom of paying just prices for reliable and good things. Always Harrods have offered only the best, and this book shows us that the good principle is closely followed. In a short space I cannot particularise, but I advise all who want the latest styles, the most distinguished dress, and the best there is to write for this new book and to use it practically. It is worthy of being kept about for reference.

In *The Sketch* of Sept. 25 "The Worldling" referred to the late famous film comedian, Max Linder, as an enemy. A reader points out that he was really "a Frenchman who enlisted in his country's army when war was declared, and, after 'doing his bit' for some time, was invalidated out."

A Gift from East to West

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That is what they all say after using Pomeroy Tooth Paste—the new dentifrice. It is so delightfully refreshing to the palate and leaves the mouth so wholesome and sweet. Even better still, it really *does* prevent discoloration and decay.

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1/-
a tube

Rhymes of the Times.



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Sat in the corner,
Unwilling to go to bed,
But a PRICE'S
NIGHT LIGHT
Put everything right,
"I'm a good boy now,"
he said

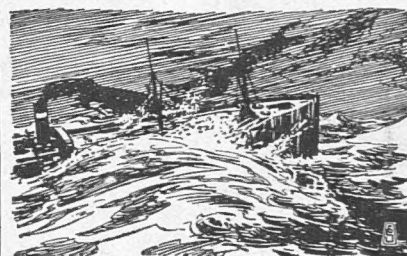
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Night Lights
93 AWARDS

provide a safe, cleanly, steady-burning light.

"There's wisdom in keeping a box in the home."

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"SENTINEL." "CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS."

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THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1917.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN begins his twentieth volume of "Nelson's History of the War," in which he traces the summer campaigns of 1917, with an interesting little debate on the value of contemporary history. Against it he cites Sir Walter Raleigh (the Elizabethan, not the Georgian Knight); and in its favour Napoleon and Thucydides—that terror of our youth, who himself held a command in the Peloponnesian War which he chronicled. (Mr. Buchan or his printer, by the way, has spelt it "Peleponnesian.") We may add that Mr. Buchan's own work constitutes in itself a justification of the value of the contemporary historian. Doubtless, posterity may see some things in different perspective, and future writers will have access to ampler materials, but they must of necessity lack the freshness and the vivid actuality of one who lives amid the stirring events which he records. It is no light task to marshal into a coherent and readable story the bewildering array of facts which the war presents, and Mr. Buchan continues to perform it with remarkable skill. After a general summary of the third year of hostilities, the new volume covers the third battle of Ypres (including Messines and Passchendaele), the French actions at Verdun and on the Aisne last year, the Russian Revolution, and political changes in Germany. In appendices are given Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on the Ypres fighting, the Pope's Peace Note and President Wilson's reply, and a table of events in all the war zones, naval and military, from July 1, 1916,

to June 30, 1917. Like its predecessors, the book is illustrated with a number of maps and plans, and well maintains the standard of this very useful history.

Mr. George Lloyd, who has been appointed Governor of Bombay, is one of the brightest spirits among the younger Unionists. He has not been much heard of lately, having been engaged on war work, but during the great political fights before the war he made his name as a debater and platform speaker of considerable promise. A curious incident followed the accidental reversal of his names. Several newspapers printed a speech alleged to have been given by Mr. Lloyd George smartly attacking the Government. Quite a sensation resulted until it was explained that the speech had been made not by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, but by Mr. George Lloyd.

Some two months ago we had the pleasure of recording that Miss Edith Stirling was awarded the Croix de Guerre for her courageous work as a motor-driver on the French front. Further honour has been achieved by her, the Crown Prince of Serbia having bestowed upon her the Silver Medal for Bravery, shown in her fourteen months' ambulance and relief work on the Monastir front in 1916-17. Miss Stirling's home is at Goring-on-Thames, where she is very popular.

Motorists will be interested in the "Motor Contour Map," published, in four sections, by the Temple Press, Ltd., at 2s. 6d. each. It takes in a hundred miles round London, is well printed, and is likely to prove of good service.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. M. RAMBAUT (MISS G. VANSITTART FRERE).

The wedding of Captain Gerrard M. Rambaut, D.S.O., R.F.A., second son of Dr. A. A. Rambaut, F.R.S., The Observatory, Oxford, and Mrs. Rambaut, and Miss Gladys Vansittart Frere, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Vansittart Frere, Abbotswood, Meads, Eastbourne, took place at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on Oct. 3.
Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



Airmen have the Gillette habit

THE Airman is essentially a man of modern ideas, young, keen, mentally alert and always extremely careful of his personal appearance.

He starts the day with a clean shave—and it must be remembered that his day usually starts at an hour when the light is not too good and when shaving by any other but the **Gillette** way would be slow and decidedly uncomfortable.

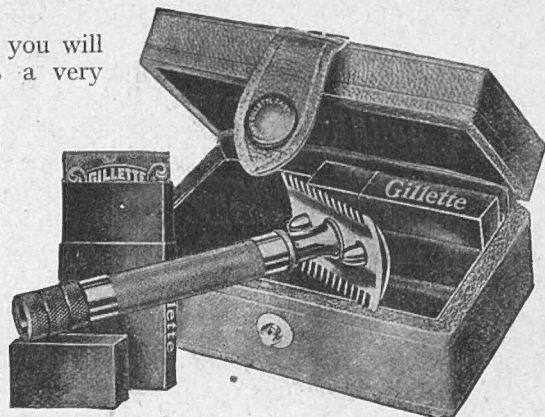
Not only because it gives him a closer, smoother and altogether better shave, but because it saves him a great deal of time and makes shaving much easier and more satisfactory, the airman shows a marked preference for the **Gillette**.

With a **Gillette** in his service he knows that his razor is always ready to get busy at once and that there will be no time wasted with stropping or honing.

He gets a perfect shave in three minutes.

Gilletteing his daily growth of beard has become a regular first-thing-in-the-morning habit with the great majority of Flying men.

Once you try it you will agree that it is a very good habit too.



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SAFETY RAZOR

NO STROPPING.

NO HONING.

The Ideal Beauty.

What it is, & How to Possess it.
By "ESTELLE."

DO you know what it is like to read a novel—one that begins with a heroine whose charms are not enumerated, but whose personality and environment seem to have some resemblance to your own? And then, on page four or five, to find something of this sort: "Her (the heroine's) hair rippled in soft, shining waves round her delicately tinted face. She had one of those peach-like skins that never seem to roughen or to burn. Her eyes were hidden at the moment under long silken lashes, but a dimple hovered at the corner of her red mouth, as she pulled a rose to pieces between her white hands"—and so on.

At this point, if you are analytic, you begin to compare this exquisite creature with yourself. With what results? To find that you are hopelessly at a disadvantage, and that you are lucky if you can find one point in your looks that can vie with her fictitious charms. The story loses half its interest; you are no longer identified with the heroine.

But has it ever occurred to you that with a little patience and perseverance that flowery description, with one or two slight alterations, might be applied to YOU?

YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR FEATURES—BUT you can help your skin, your hair, your hands—and that is something. Look carefully at the description of your heroine. Nothing is said about her features, unless you count a dimple as a feature. Let us be systematic.

Her hair is described as "rippling in shining waves."

YOUR HAIR WOULD BE JUST AS PRETTY if you would shampoo your hair with stallax instead of that common soap or manufactured "wash" that you are ruining it with at present. If, owing to your unkind treatment, it is thin and inclined to split at the ends, you should try this simple home recipe. One package boranum, obtained from any chemist, mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint bay rum. Boranum possesses wonderful properties of renewing the strength, beauty, and natural colour of the hair. "Perhaps," you say; "this is all very well." Admitted that these preparations make the hair thick and glossy, how can anything but nature, or hot irons, produce "rippling waves"? Have you never heard of silmerine?

A little liquid silmerine applied on the hair before going to bed and brushed out in the morning will transform your straight locks into the most bewitching tight curls or fascinating "kinks," according to the amount used and your individual tastes.

To return to our heroine. "How can I ever accomplish a peach-like skin," you ask in despair; "and, having secured it, how render it impervious to roughness and sunburn? No, it is too much." Nevertheless, there is much **TRUTH IN OLD PROVERBS**, and when you so glibly quote "Beauty is but skin deep," do you realise that you are stating a solid, undeniable fact—one on which a whole philosophy of beauty has been based?

Below a skin that may be blotched, roughened, and discoloured, is a complexion as clear and as fresh as a little child's. But how remove the ugly outer layer, the pores of which are clogged with waste matter? The skin is a delicate fabric, and no force must be used. Mercolised wax, which contains oxygen, will, if applied like ordinary cold cream, invisibly absorb the ugly outer cuticle, leaving the lovely new skin in all its glory.

To protect this delicate skin from the devastating effects of wind and weather, bathe the face and neck with a little clemantine dissolved in water, which will form the lightest of films over the complexion, at the same time giving it the much-coveted "peach-like bloom."



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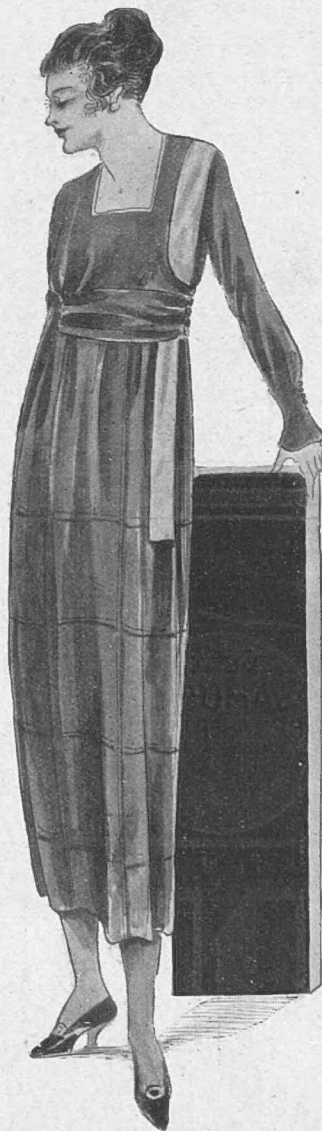
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